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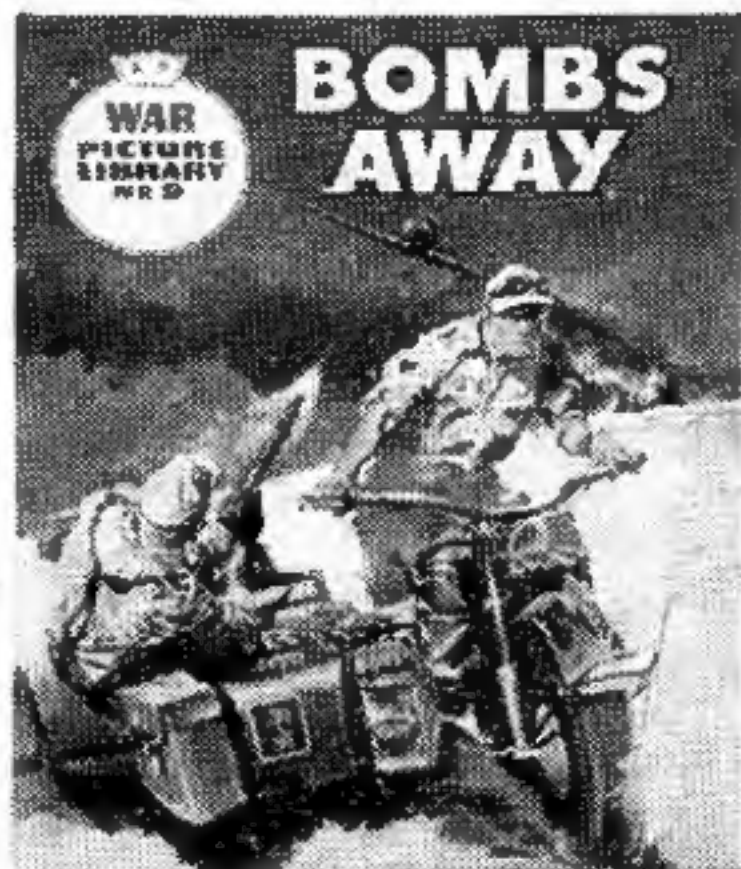


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UP PERISCOPE

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BRITAIN'S FINAL VICTORY IN THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY OF THE SEA IN THE SECOND GREAT WAR WAS DUE, FIRST AND FOREMOST, TO THE SKILL AND FIGHTING QUALITIES OF THE MEN WHO COMMANDED THE VESSELS OF HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY. THESE GALLANT SONS OF BRITAIN FELL INTO THREE CATEGORIES. THE R.N. OFFICERS — THE "PROFESSIONALS", WHO HAD CHOSEN THE ROYAL NAVY AS THEIR WAY OF LIFE BOTH IN PEACE AND WAR; THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE OFFICERS, VOLUNTARILY TRANSFERRED FROM THEIR PEACE TIME JOBS AS OFFICERS OF THE MERCHANT NAVY; AND, LASTLY, THE ROYAL NAVY VOLUNTEER RESERVE — THE "AMATEURS", MEN WHOSE PEACETIME OCCUPATIONS HAD MOSTLY NO CONNECTION WITH SHIPS.

R.N., R.N.R., R.N.V.R. THEY WERE MEN OF MANY TYPES — UNITED UNDER THE WHITE ENSIGN IN THE BITTER FIGHT AGAINST THE CROOKED CROSS OF NAZI GERMANY.

Chapter 1.

FIRST CONVOY

OCTOBER, 1943. THE AUTUMN SUN SHONE BRAVELY UPON THE JOHN GREY DOCKYARD AT SOUTH SHIELDS. IT FORCED A RESPONSIVE GLEAM FROM THE BRASS FITTINGS OF THE HOSES THAT CLUTTERED THE DOCKSIDE... AND ALSO FROM THE TWIN NAVY GOLD BANDS ON THE UNIFORM WORN BY LIEUTENANT ROBERT CALDWELL, R.N.V.R., AS HE PICKED HIS WAY TOWARDS THE STURDY, THICK-WAISTED SHAPE OF A FLOWER-CLASS CORVETTE.



H.M.S. MAGNOLIA.
BOB CALDWELL...
THERE'S YOUR HOME
SWEET HOME FOR THE
NEXT FEW MONTHS,
OR EVEN
LONGER.

THE SHRILL PEEP OF A BO'SUN'S PIPE SOUNDED AS BOB CALDWELL'S HEELS DRUMMED ON THE GANGPLANK. THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S HAND ROSE TO THE PEAK OF HIS CAP IN RESPONSE TO THE QUARTERMASTER'S SALUTE.

WELCOME ABOARD, SIR. THE CAPTAIN'S ON THE POM-POM GUN DECK. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.

LIEUTENANT JAMES DOWD, R.N.R., COMMANDER OF THE *MAGNOLIA*, PROVED TO BE A THICK-SET, MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH A RUGGED FACE THAT TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF OCEAN WINDS HAD TURNED TO THE COLOUR OF OLD MAHOGANY. HE NODDED AS BOB INTRODUCED HIMSELF.

SO YOU'RE TO BE MY NEW FIRST LIEUTENANT, AND THIS IS YOUR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A CORVETTE. EH? YOU'LL FIND LIFE ABOARD THE *MAGNOLIA* A BIT DIFFERENT FROM MESSING AROUND IN SAILING BOATS ON A SUMMER SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN PEACE-TIME.

I'M PREPARED FOR THAT, SIR.

FROM UNDER BEETLING BROWS,
LIEUTENANT DOWD'S SHREWD,
SEAMAN'S EYES PASSED
QUICKLY OVER BOB...

WE SAIL AT
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
HOURS. FIRST STOP
LONDONDERRY. THERE
WE JOIN UP WITH A
CONVOY TO GIBRALTAR.
I'LL WANT YOU TO GET
TO KNOW THE SHIP AND
THE REST OF THE
OFFICERS AND MEN
AS QUICKLY AS
POSSIBLE.

AYE, AYE,
SIR!

BOB SHARED THE BRIDGE
WITH HIS SKIPPER WHEN
THE *MAGNOLIA* GOT
UNDER WAY PROMPTLY
AT SIX O'CLOCK THAT
EVENING.

STARBOARD ENGINE,
DEAD SLOW AHEAD. HEY...
COX'N! EASY WITH THAT
WHEEL!

...AND ALTHOUGH SOME OF THE ORDERS GIVEN WERE NOT EXACTLY WHAT
BOB CALDWELL HAD BEEN TAUGHT AT TRAINING SCHOOL, HE COULD BUT
ADMIRE THE WAY DOWD EASED HIS SHIP OUT OF HARBOUR.

TWO DAYS LATER THEY REACHED LONDONDERRY AND ALREADY BOB HAD A GROWING FAITH IN THE MAGWOLLA. HE FELT THAT HE SHOULD ALSO HAVE HAD FAITH IN THE STOCKY FIGURE BESIDE HIM, COCKING A GLANCE AT THE DRIZZLING RAIN... BUT HE WASN'T QUITE CERTAIN.

HERE WE ARE...
AND IRISH SUNSHINE
TO GREET US,
AS USUAL.

FROM NOW
ON, NUMBER ONE,
WE START EARNING
OUR KEEP. THIS CONVOY
IS A SLOW ONE, AND IT'LL
TAKE ALL OF TEN DAYS TO
GET FROM HERE TO GIB. AND
I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU
THAT THAT MAKES THE JOB
ALL THE HARDER FOR US
AND THE REMAINDER OF
THE ESCORT
VESSELS.



RAIN WAS STILL FALLING THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN THE CONVOY PUT OUT FROM LONDONDERRY HARBOUR AND STEAMED SOUTH DOWN THE IRISH SEA.



TWENTY THREE MERCHANT VESSELS WITH AN ESCORT OF TWO SLOOPS, TWO CORVETTES AND AN OVER-AGE DESTROYER, H.M.S. PERCIVAL.

FROM THEN ON LIFE ABOARD THE *AMGNOLIA* RESOLVED INTO A SIMPLE PATTERN OF DUTY AND OFF-DUTY WATCHES. THREE DAYS OUT OF LONDONDERRY, AS BOB KEPT THE FORENOON WATCH, HE FELT THAT HE NOW KNEW EVERY NUT AND BOLT IN THE SHIP THAT MOVED BENEATH HIM.

HERE COMES THE DAWN, SIR. AND A VERY PLEASANT ONE, TOO.

YES, THERE'S A STIFF BREEZE COMING IN FROM THE PORT BOW... BUT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.



SUDDENLY BOB WAS AWARE THAT LIEUTENANT DOWD HAD JOINED HIM ON THE BRIDGE. THE OLDER MAN SHOT A GLANCE AT THE SKY AND THE RESTLESS SEA, THEN STEPPED TO THE VOICE PIPE THAT CONNECTED THE BRIDGE WITH THE WHEEL-HOUSE.

TO WHEEL-HOUSE. STEER PORT FIVE DEGREES.



BOB CALDWELL'S BROWS DREW TOGETHER IN PUZZLEMENT.

THAT CHANGE OF HELM WILL TAKE US OFF STATION, SIR. AND WE'VE HAD NO ORDERS FROM THE *PERCIVAL* TO DO THAT.

I'VE HAD MY ORDERS FROM THE SEA, NUMBER ONE. THAT SWELL'S STRENGTHENING EVERY MOMENT, AND UNLESS WE COMPENSATE FOR IT WE'LL BE PUSHED OFF OUR COURSE. JUST WAIT...AND WITHIN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL SEE ALL THE OTHER VESSELS DOING WHAT WE'VE ALREADY DONE.



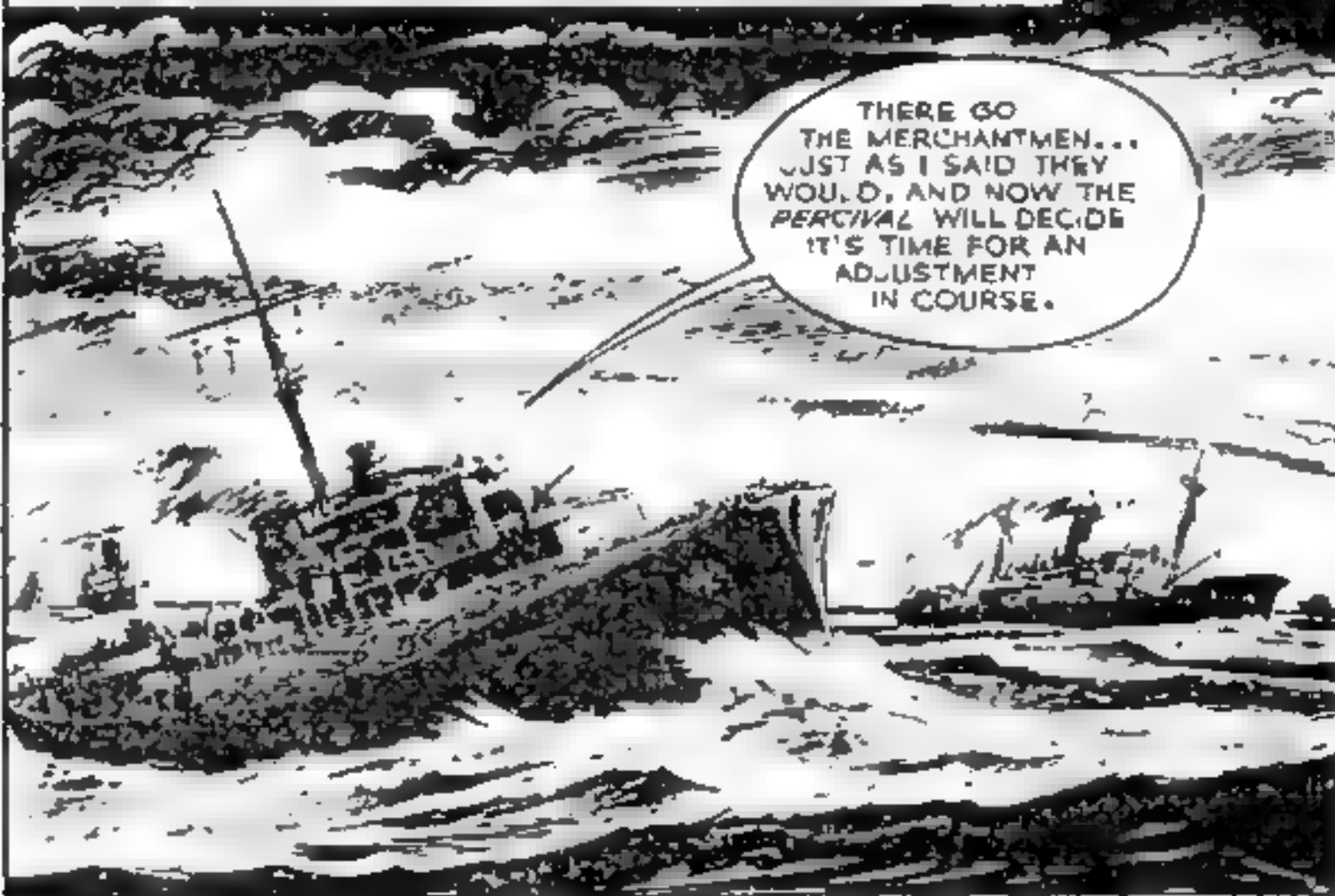
BOB STARED HARD AT THE SURFACE OF THE HEAVING WATER, GREY IN THE EARLY LIGHT. TO HIM IT LOOKED NO DIFFERENT FROM HALF-AN-HOUR EARLIER. AND FROM THE SEA HE SWITCHED HIS GAZE TO THE CALM FEATURES OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.

WHEN YOU'VE LIVED AFLOAT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, THERE'S NOT MUCH THE SEA CAN HIDE FROM YOU.



SATISFACTION GLINTED FOR A MOMENT IN THE R.N.R. OFFICER'S BLUE EYES, SEARCHING FOR THE REASON FOR IT, BOB LOOKED OVER THE BRIDGE APRON AND SAW THE MERCHANT SHIPS START TO SWING BACK INTO POSITION AHEAD OF THE *MAJOLIA*.

THERE GO THE MERCHANTMEN... JUST AS I SAID THEY WOULD, AND NOW THE *PERCIVAL* WILL DECIDE IT'S TIME FOR AN ADJUSTMENT IN COURSE.



THE THICK-SET FIGURE DISAPPEARED INTO THE CHARTHOUSE AND BOB WAS LEFT ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.

HE'S GOT AN AFFINITY WITH THE SEA THAT'S ALMOST UNCANNY. IF I WANTED SOMEONE TO LEAD US OUT OF DANGER AND INTO SAFETY HE'D BE MY MAN. BUT BY ACTING INDEPENDENTLY OF THE OTHER CONVOY VESSELS HE COULD JUST AS EASILY LEAD US OUT OF SAFETY AND INTO DANGER!



Chapter 2

A MORTAL BLOW

MAGNOLIA AND THE OTHER ESCORT VESSELS STAYED THREE DAYS AT GIBRALTAR ... JUST LONG ENOUGH TO COLLECT A HOME-GOING CONVOY OF EIGHTEEN SHIPS. ON THE RETURN JOURNEY THE SHIP'S COMPANY SLIPPED BACK INTO THE WATCH KEEPING ROUTINE.

ANYTHING TO REPORT, NUMBER ONE?

THE RADAR PLOT GIVES THE CONVOY AND ESCORT VESSELS ALL ON STATION. THAT'S ALL, SIR.



THE MOON WAS PLAYING HIDE AND GEEK WITH THE CLOUDS AND LIEUTENANT DOWD'S EYES FASTENED THOUGHTFULLY UPON A LARGE PATCH OF SHADOW SOME DISTANCE AWAY ON THE STARBOARD QUARTER.

TURN THE SHIP ROUND, NUMBER ONE. I WANT TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK OVER THERE.

WHY, SIR? HAVE YOU SEEN SOMETHING?



NO... BUT I *FEEL* SOMETHING. KEEP THE ASDIC HUT CLOSED UP. TELL THEM TO SING OUT IF THEY GET ANY SORT OF ECHO... EVEN IF THEY DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF IT BEING A U-BOAT.

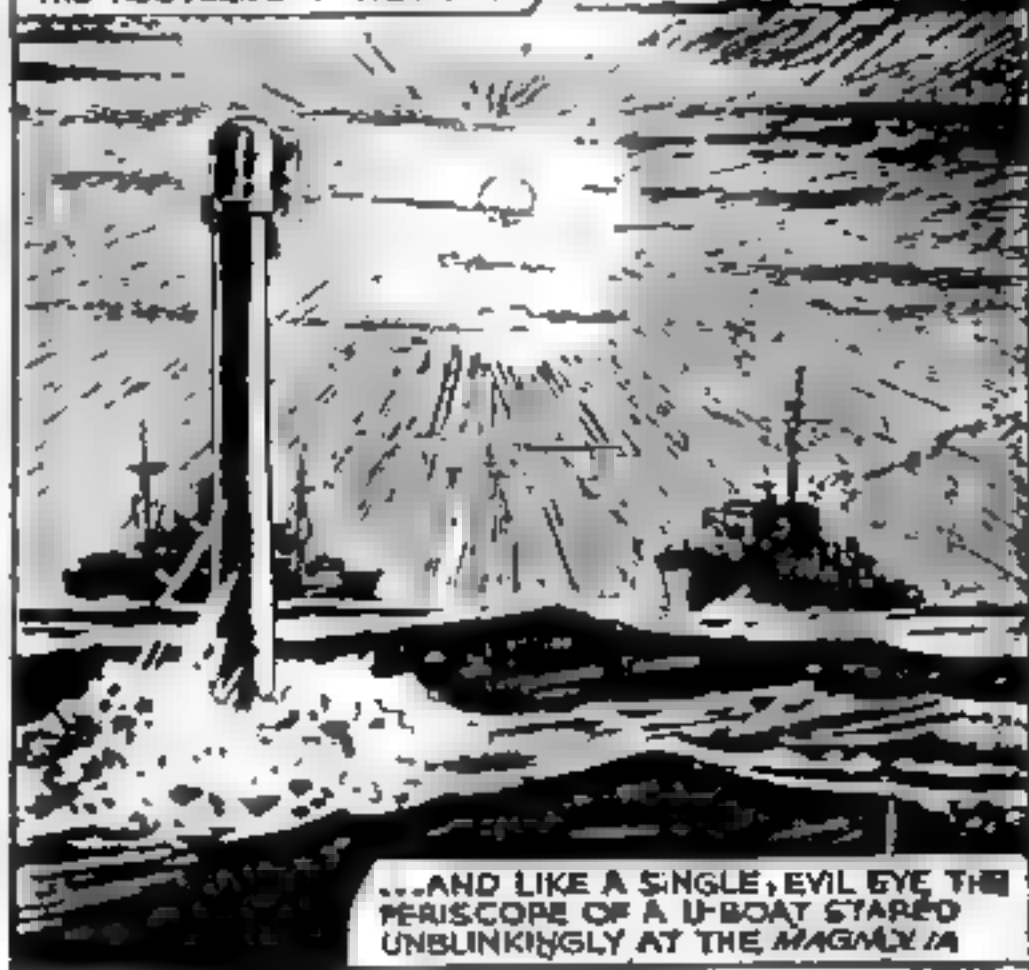
WITH RESPECT, SIR. IF YOU SUSPECT THE PRESENCE OF A U-BOAT, SHOULDN'T WE INFORM THE *PERCIVAL*?



NO... LEAVE THEM OUT OF IT FOR THE TIME BEING. I MAY BE MISTAKEN, AND EVEN IF IT IS A U-BOAT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT WITHOUT HELP.



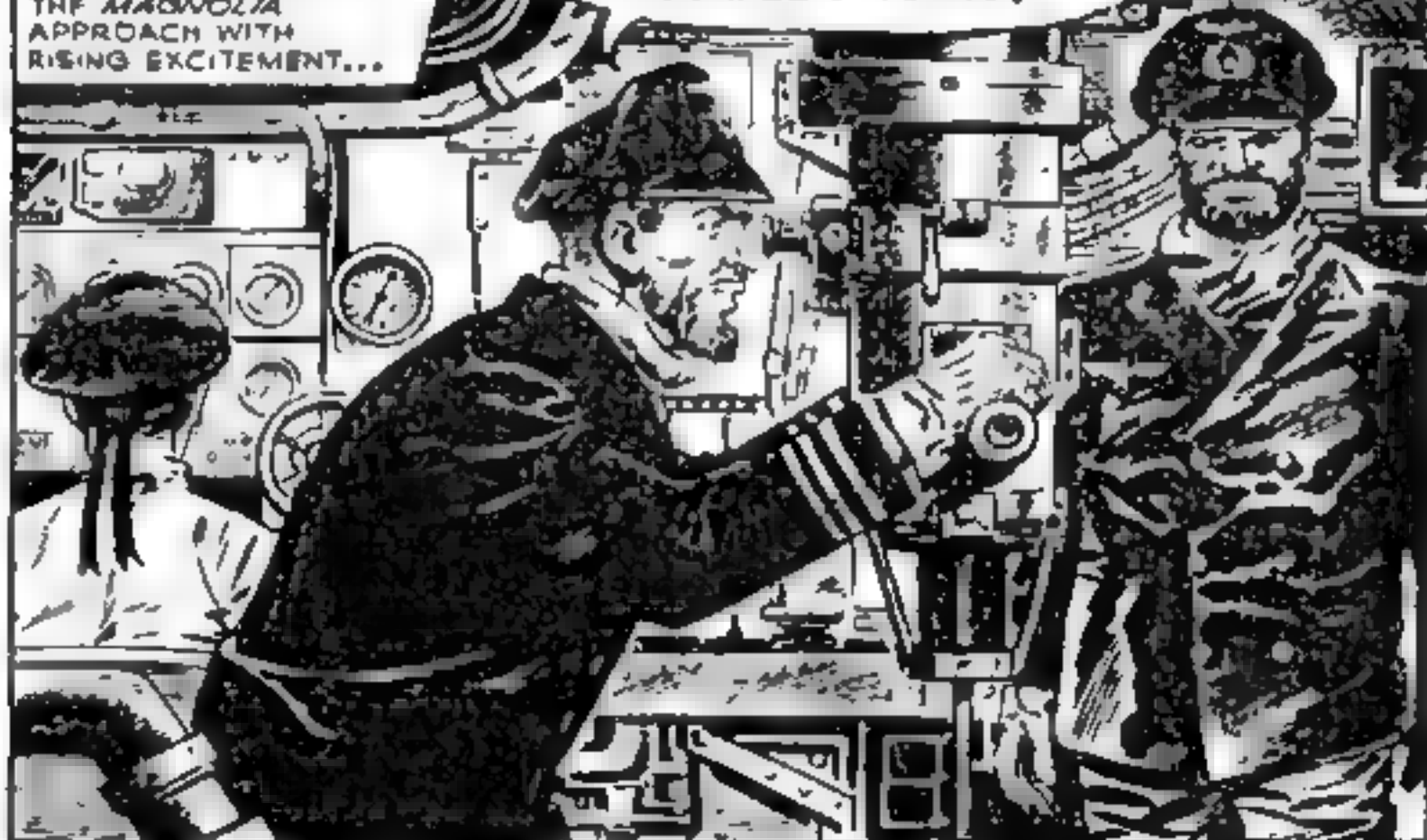
LIEUTENANT DOWD'S INSTINCT, THE REWARD OF A LIFETIME AFLOAT, HAD NOT LED HIM ASTRAY. IN THE VERY CENTRE OF THAT PATCH OF MOVING SHADOW A SLIM OBJECT THRUST UP THROUGH THE RESTLESS WAVES...



...AND LIKE A SINGLE, EVIL EYE THE PERISCOPE OF A U-BOAT STARED UNBLINKINGLY AT THE *MAGNIFY* 14

WITHIN HIS LEAN CRAFT,
KORVETTENKAPITAN
OTTO VON SCHAFEN,
THE COMMANDER OF
J-BOAT 289 WATCHED
THE *MADONIA*
APPROACH WITH
RISING EXCITEMENT...

JA...IT IS GOOT!
OF HER OWN FREE WILL THE
ENGLISH SHIP COMES TO US ALONE!
**STAND BY ONE AND TWO
TORPEDO TUBES!**

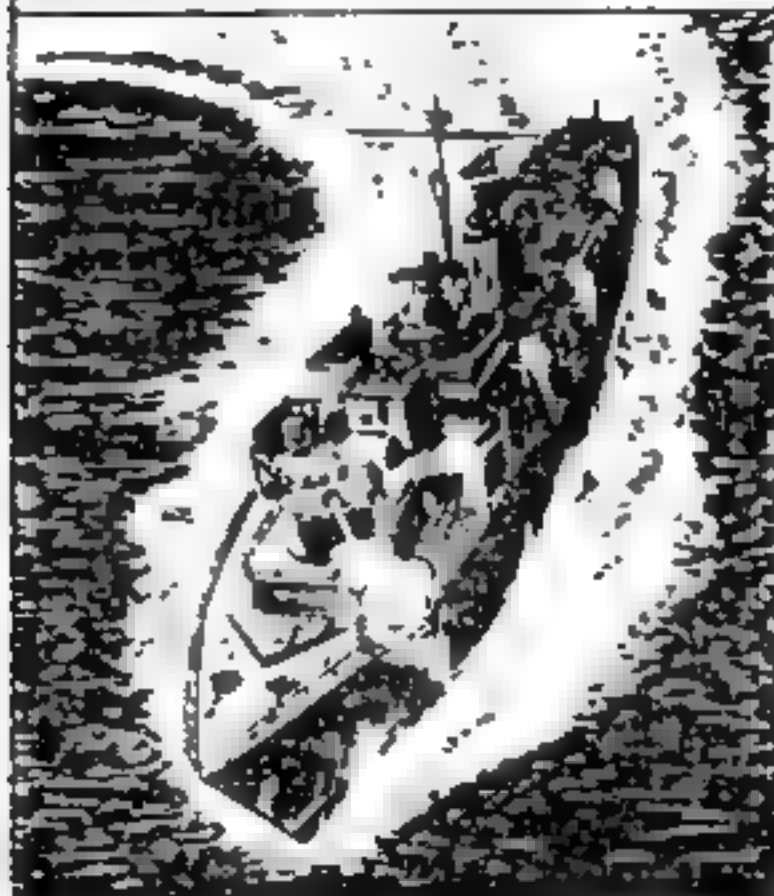


THEN CAME
THE MOMENT
TO STRIKE!

FIRE!



ON THE *MAGNOLIA*, ACTION STATIONS HAD BEEN SOUNDED. IT WAS DOWD HIMSELF WHO SAW THE TELL-TALE PERISCOPE... AND A MOMENT LATER THE CORVETTE'S FORWARD GUN BELCHED FLAME AND SMOKE.

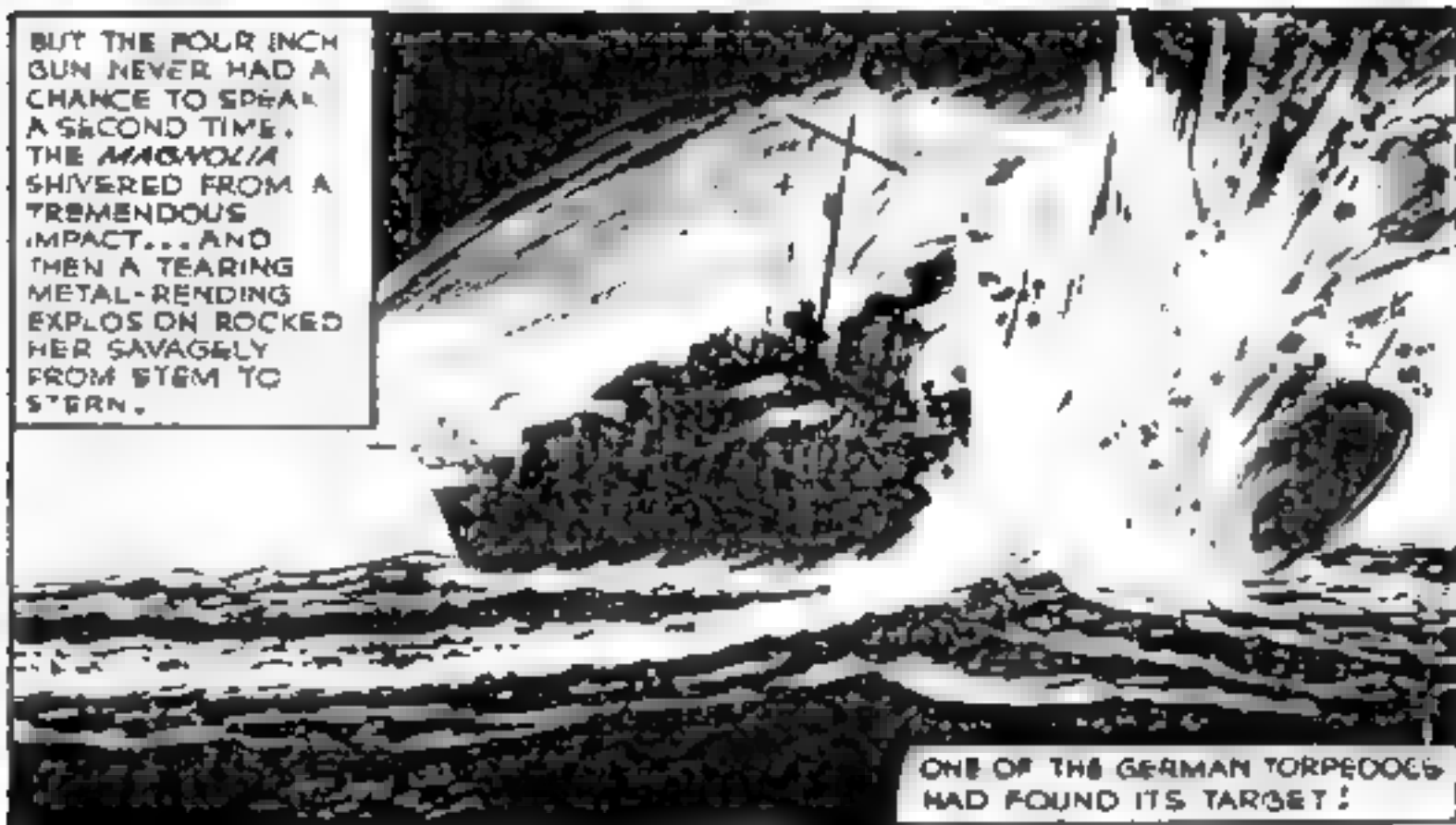


MISSED THE BLIGHTER!

DOWN TEN DEGREES... AND HURRY!



BUT THE FOUR INCH GUN NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SPEAK A SECOND TIME. THE *MAGNOLIA* SHIVERED FROM A TREMENDOUS IMPACT... AND THEN A TEARING METAL-RENDING EXPLOSION ROCKED HER SAVAGELY FROM STEM TO STERN.



ONE OF THE GERMAN TORPEDOES HAD FOUND ITS TARGET!

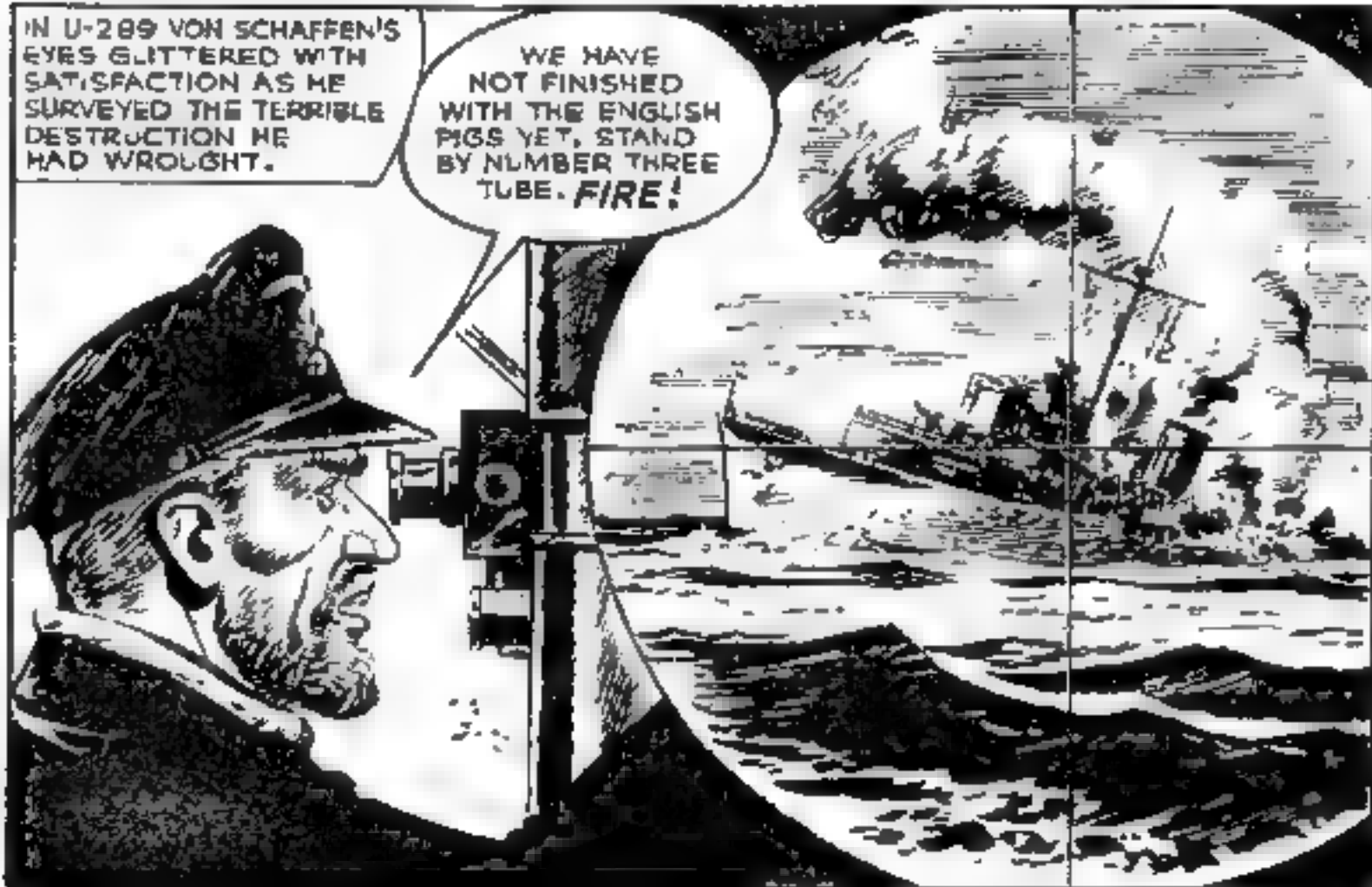
EVERY MAN STILL ALIVE KNEW THAT THE *MAGNOLIA* HAD BEEN STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW.

WE'RE SHIPPING
WATER BY THE TON
AT THE STERN,
SIR!

GET THOSE
FLOATS FREE.
ABANDON
SHIP!

IN U-289 VON SCHAFFEN'S EYES GLITTERED WITH SATISFACTION AS HE SURVEYED THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION HE HAD WROUGHT.

WE HAVE
NOT FINISHED
WITH THE ENGLISH
PIGS YET. STAND
BY NUMBER THREE
TUBE. **FIRE!**



AS F SUDDENLY CURIOUS TO WATCH THE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MEN, THE MOON HASTENED OUT FROM BEHIND THE CLOUD... IN TIME TO SEE THE DYING CORVETTE GIVE A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER BEFORE BREAKING IN TWO.



HARDLY AWARE OF THE NUMBING COLDNESS, BOB CALDWELL FOUGHT HIS WAY THROUGH THE TROUBLED WATER... HIS EYES FIXED ON THE BUSTENING SHAPE THAT ROSE OUT OF THE SEA AHEAD OF HIM.

SHE'S SURFACING. THOSE OF US WHO ARE STILL ALIVE WILL SOON BE PRISONERS.



BUT THE YOUNG R.N.V.R. LIEUTENANT HAD WRONGLY INTERPRETED THE U-BOAT COMMANDER'S INTENTIONS. GERMAN SEAMEN RACED TO THE MACHINE-GUN ON THE CONNING TOWER...

AND A HAIL OF DEATH SUDDENLY SWEEPED THE SEA!

THE MERCILESS, BLACK HEARTED CURS! THEY'VE SUNK OUR SHIP...AND NOW THEY'RE MACHINE-GUNNING THE SURVIVORS!



FROM WHERE HE CLUNG TO A BROKEN PIECE OF A CARLEY FLOAT, LIEUTENANT DOWD WAS SEIZED BY A DEEP AND UNCONTROLLABLE ANGER.

YOU MURDERERS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!



AND UP ABOVE, THE MOON SHONE FULLY ON THE NUMBER PAINTED ON THE U-BOAT'S SIDE, IMPRINTING IT FOR ALL TIME ON THE R.N.V.R. LIEUTENANT'S SHOCKED AND OUTRAGED MIND...

DRAWN BY THE TWIN EXPLOSIONS, THE PERCIVAL CAME KNIFING THROUGH THE WAVES, A CORVETTE HASTENING AFTER HER

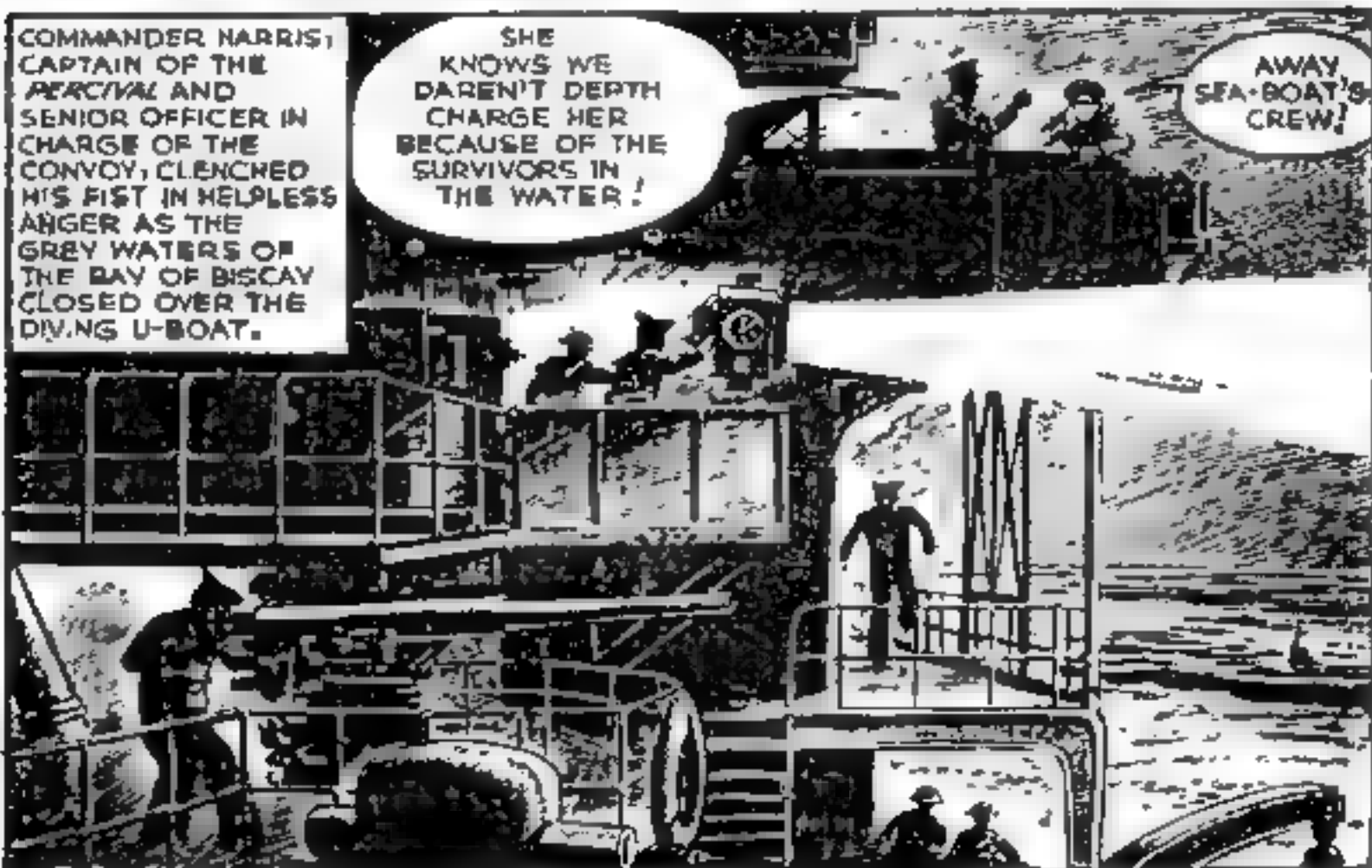
**ACHTUNG!
DIVE!**



COMMANDER HARRIS, CAPTAIN OF THE PERCIVAL AND SENIOR OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE CONVOY, CLENCHED HIS FIST IN HELPLESS ANGER AS THE GREY WATERS OF THE BAY OF BISCAY CLOSED OVER THE DIVING U-BOAT.

SHE KNOWS WE DAREN'T DEPTH CHARGE HER BECAUSE OF THE SURVIVORS IN THE WATER!

**AWAY
SEA-BOAT'S
CREW!**



ONLY A PITIFUL HANDFUL OF THE *MACDONALD*'S CREW HAD SURVIVED THE MACHING-GUNNING FROM THE U-BOAT. IN ALL, THE *PERISCOP* PICKED UP TWELVE MEN AND TWO OFFICERS, THE OFFICERS BEING LIEUTENANT JAMES DOWD AND LIEUTENANT ROBERT CALDWELL.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, SIR.

I ONLY WISH WE COULD HAVE REACHED YOU SOONER AND GIVEN YOU SOME REAL HELP.



APART FROM A HALF-HEARTED ATTACK BY TWO FOCKE-WULF PLANES, THE REST OF THE VOYAGE PROVED UNEVENTFUL. IN LONDONDERRY LIEUTENANT DOWD MADE HIS REPORT TO COMMODORE DAVIDSON.

...WE HAD NO WARNING OF THE ATTACK UNTIL THE TORPEDO STRUCK US, SIR. THE SHIP BEGAN TO SINK IMMEDIATELY... THEN THE U-BOAT MACHINE-GUNNED THOSE OF US WHO WERE STILL ALIVE. WE WERE HELPLESS IN THE WATER...



THE COMMODORE HEARD THE EMOTION IN THE R.N.R. LIEUTENANT'S VOICE AND NODDED SYMPATHETICALLY.

I DON'T THINK I NEED TROUBLE YOU ANY MORE RIGHT NOW, LIEUTENANT. I'LL HAVE YOUR REPORT TYPED OUT AND YOU CAN SIGN IT LATER.

AYE, AYE, SIR!



IN THE WARD-ROOM OF THE SHORE STATION AT LONDONDERRY LIEUTENANT DOWD TOLD BOB CALDWELL OF WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE DURING HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE COMMODORE.

AS LONG AS I LIVE, I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT THOSE GERMAN SWINE DID THAT NIGHT. AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NUMBER OF THEIR U-BOAT, EITHER.



U-BOAT NUMBER U-TWO-EIGHT-NINE! IF EVER I MEET HER AGAIN I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE IN FULL!

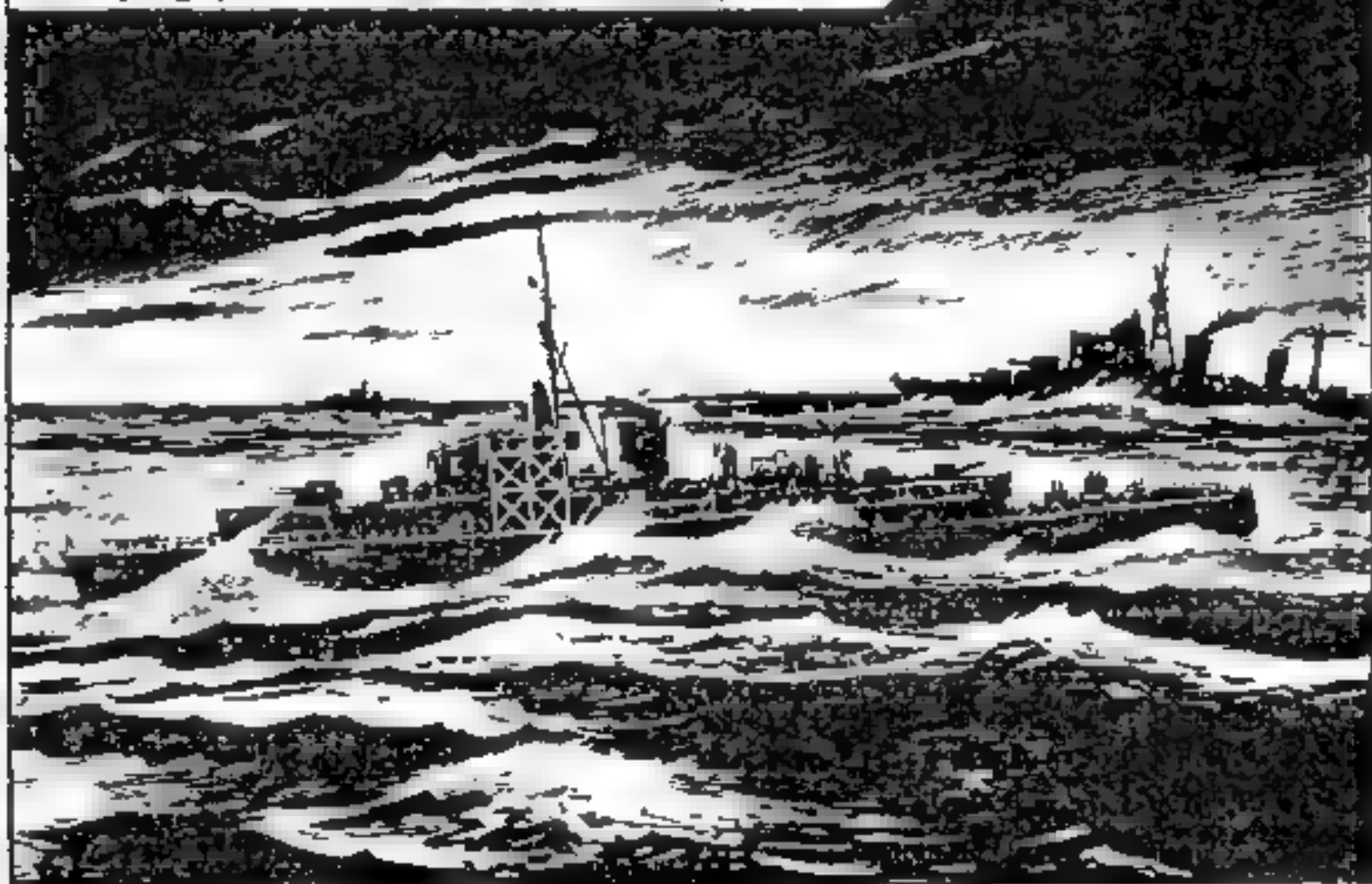


FOR A MOMENT DOWD, GRIPPED BY THAT SAVAGE, POWERFUL EMOTION, HAD FORGOTTEN HIS COMPANION'S EXISTENCE. AND BOB CALDWELL WAS SHOCKED AT THE RAW, NAKED ANGER THAT BLAZED IN THE OLDER MAN'S EYES.



HE'S TAKEN IT REALLY HARD. FROM NOW ON AS FAR AS HE IS CONCERNED THIS WAR IS GOING TO BE A PRIVATE ONE BETWEEN HIM AND U-TWO EIGHT-NINE! AND IF HE EVER CATCHES UP WITH HER I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN THE SHOES OF ANY OF THE U-BOAT'S CREW... NOT FOR AN ADMIRAL'S PAY!

AT THAT CRUCIAL TIME OF THE WAR, THE NAVY HAD TOO FEW MEN OF DOWD'S ABILITY AND EXPERIENCE TO ALLOW HIM TO REMAIN INACTIVE FOR LONG. WITHIN TWO WEEKS HE HAD BEEN GIVEN THE COMMAND OF A FRIGATE ON NORTH SEA PATROL DUTIES.



AND FOR ALMOST ALL HIS WAKING HOURS, DOWD'S EYES WOULD SWEEP THE TOSsing WAVES...



...SEARCHING...WAITING FOR THE DAY WHEN HE AND U-289 WOULD MEET AGAIN.

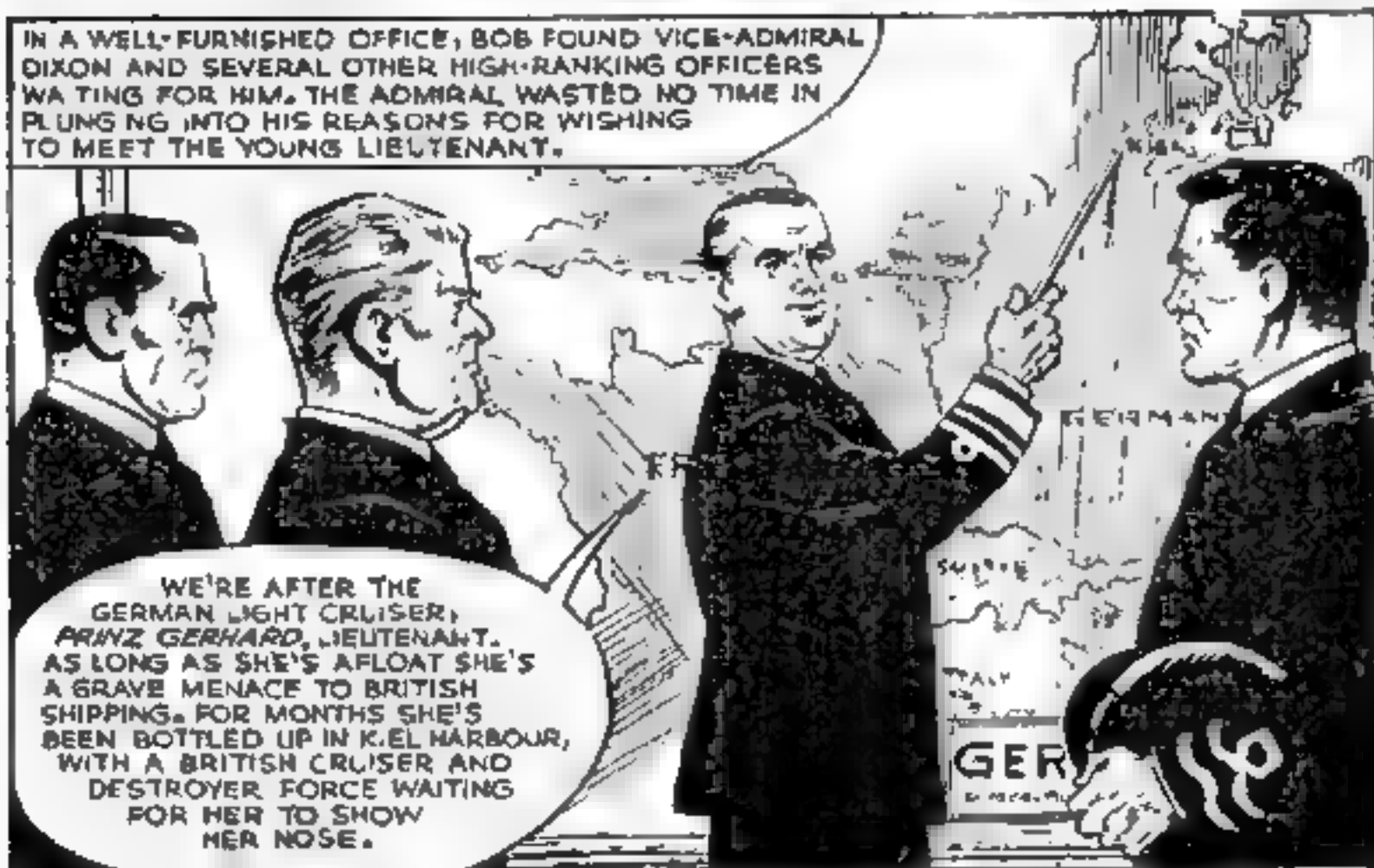
Chapter 3. A DESPERATE MISSION

BOB CALDWELL'S STAY ASHORE WAS A LONGER ONE THAN LIEUTENANT DOWD'S. AFTER TWENTYONE DAYS LEAVE HE SPENT NEARLY FOUR WEEKS IN PORTSMOUTH BARRACKS. AND THEN, ONE MORNING, HE WAS SUMMONED TO NO LESS A PLACE THAN THE ADMIRALTY.

GOSH! THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD BRAD AROUND HERE TO SINK A BATTLESHIP. I WONDER WHAT THEY WANT ME FOR?



IN A WELL-FURNISHED OFFICE, BOB FOUND VICE-ADMIRAL DIXON AND SEVERAL OTHER HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS WAITING FOR HIM. THE ADMIRAL WASTED NO TIME IN PLUNGING INTO HIS REASONS FOR WISHING TO MEET THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.



WE'RE AFTER THE GERMAN LIGHT CRUISER, PRINZ GERHARD, LIEUTENANT. AS LONG AS SHE'S AFLOAT SHE'S A GRAVE MENACE TO BRITISH SHIPPING. FOR MONTHS SHE'S BEEN BOTTLED UP IN KIEL HARBOUR, WITH A BRITISH CRUISER AND DESTROYER FORCE WAITING FOR HER TO SHOW HER NOSE.

BUT THE *PRINZ GERHARD* HAS STAYED FIRMLY WHERE SHE IS. WE EVEN REMOVED OUR WARSHIPS TO TRY TO TEMPT HER OUT, BUT SHE WOULDN'T RISE TO THE BAIT. WE COULDN'T GET IN TO THE *PRINZ GERHARD*, AND EVEN WITH NO BRITISH SHIPS WAITING OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR THE GERMAN CRUISER WOULDN'T COME OUT. IT WAS A DEADLOCK.



AND THEN WE HAD A STROKE OF PURE LUCK. TWO WEEKS AGO A DESTROYER FORCE ON EAST COAST PATROL CAPTURED A GERMAN U-BOAT. THE U-BOAT'S BASE IS AT KIEL... AND SINCE THE GERMAN COMMAND DON'T KNOW WE HAVE HER, THE ADMIRALTY PROPOSE TO PUT A BRITISH CREW ABOARD AND LET HER RETURN TO HER BASE. IN OTHER WORDS, LIEUTENANT, IF THE *PRINZ GERHARD* WON'T COME OUT TO US WE'RE GOING IN TO THE *PRINZ GERHARD*!



BOB CALDWELL'S KEEN MIND SAW AT ONCE THAT THE BRILLIANCE OF THE PLAN WAS ITS SIMPLICITY. IF THE U-BOAT WAS ABLE TO GAIN ADMITTANCE TO KIEL HARBOUR IT COULD SINK THE *PRINZ GERHARD* BEFORE THE GERMANS REALLY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

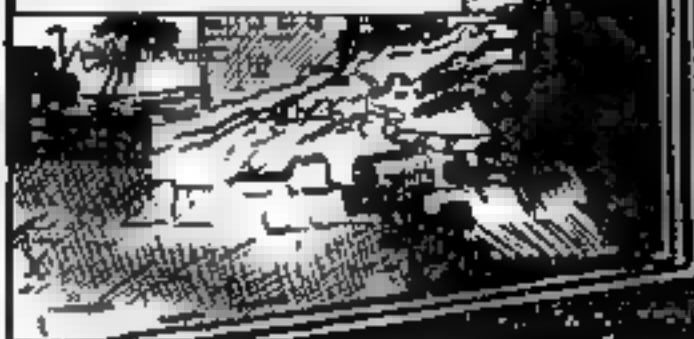
WE SENT FOR YOU, MISTER CALDWELL, BECAUSE ACCORDING TO ADMIRALTY RECORDS, YOU SPEAK FLUENT GERMAN.

WE'D LIKE YOU TO SKIPPER THE U-BOAT, LIEUTENANT. BUT, OF COURSE, THE WHOLE CREW WILL BE A VOLUNTEER ONE AND THE DECISION RESTS WITH YOU ALONE. YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE SOME TIME TO THINK IT OVER.



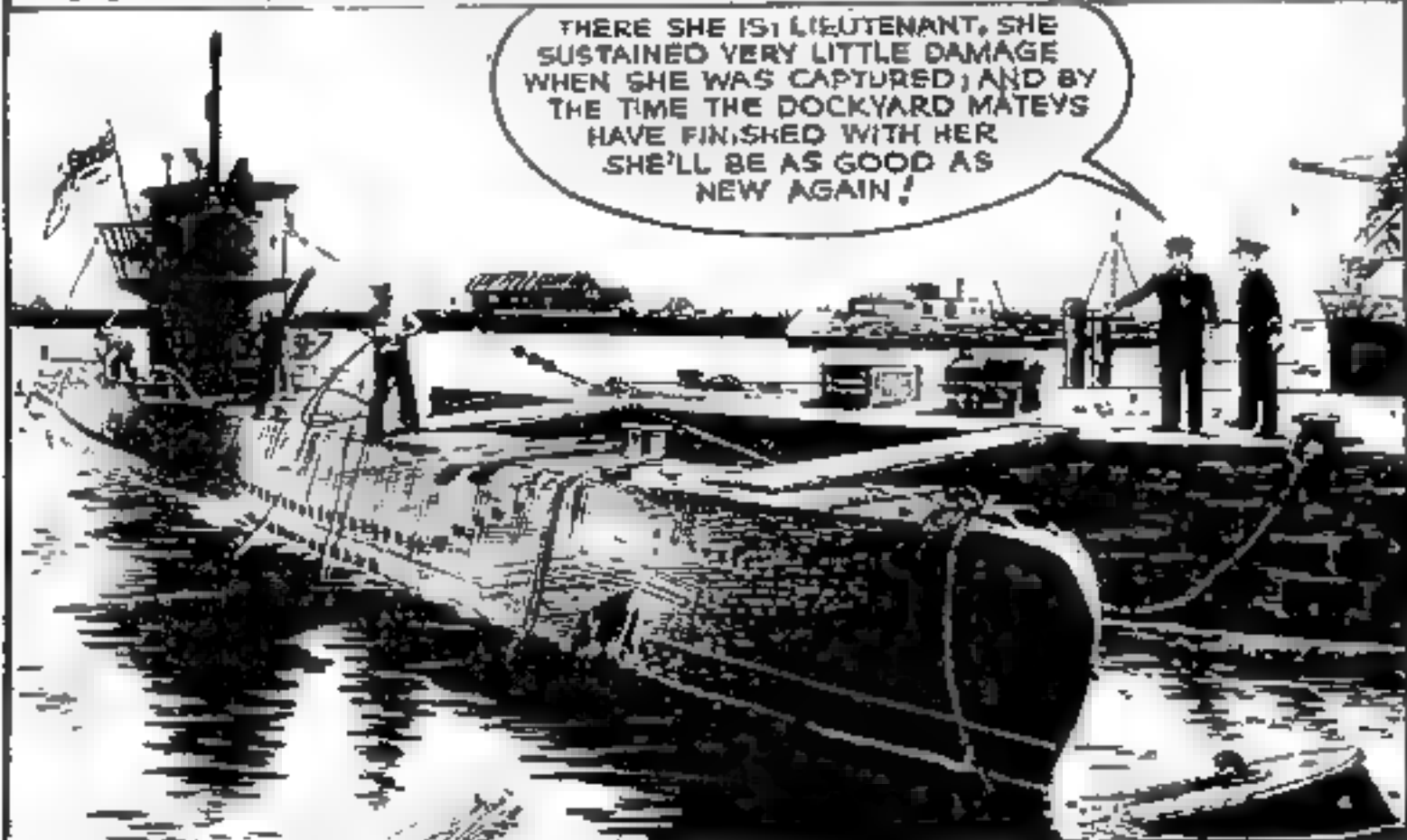
BOB'S MIND RACED. HE THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS EVERY CHANCE THAT THE BRITISH-MANNED U-BOAT WOULD BE ABLE TO GET INTO THE HARBOUR. THE BIG QUESTION WAS WHETHER SHE WOULD EVER GET OUT AGAIN AFTER LAUNCHING A TORPEDO ATTACK UPON THE GERMAN CRUISER. BUT DESPITE THE DESPERATE DANGER SURROUNDING THE MISSION, BOB DID NOT HESITATE FOR A SECOND.

I MADE UP MY MIND FROM THE OUTBREAK OF WAR THAT IF EVER A REALLY GOOD CHANCE OF HITTING AT THE JERRIES CAME MY WAY I'D GRAB IT WITH BOTH HANDS. IF YOU WANT ME TO COMMAND THAT U-BOAT, SIR... I'LL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO SO!



THE CAPTURED U-BOAT WAS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL DOCKYARD, CHATHAM, BEING REPAIRED UNDER A HEAVY SECURITY GUARD. THE DAY AFTER HIS VISIT TO THE ADMIRALTY, BOB WAS GIVEN HIS FIRST LOOK AT THE CRAFT HE WAS TO COMMAND.

THERE SHE IS, LIEUTENANT. SHE SUSTAINED VERY LITTLE DAMAGE WHEN SHE WAS CAPTURED, AND BY THE TIME THE DOCKYARD MATEYS HAVE FINISHED WITH HER SHE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW AGAIN!



BUT BOB HARDLY HEARD THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE. HE WAS STARING, IN RASCINATED AMAZEMENT, AT THE NUMBER PAINTED ON THE CONNING TOWER.

U-TWO-EIGHT-NINE!
OF ALL THE
TRICKS OF
FATE....!



THE U-BOAT HE WAS TO COMMAND WAS THE ONE WHICH HAD SUNK THE *MAGNOLIA*!

BOB SPENT THE NEXT TWO WEEKS IN GETTING TO KNOW THE BOAT AND THE MEN WHO WERE TO SAIL IN IT WITH HIM.

ARE YOU
HAPPY WITH THE
MOTORS, CHIEF?

THEY'RE QUITE
DIFFERENT FROM
ANYTHING I'VE WORKED ON
BEFORE, S. R., BUT WE
SHOULD GET ALONG
ALL RIGHT.



AT LAST ALL WAS READY, AND NO LESS A PERSON THAN VICE-ADMIRAL DIXON CAME DOWN FROM LONDON TO GIVE THE YOUNG R.N.V.R. LIEUTENANT HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW IMPORTANT THIS MISSION IS. IT ONLY REMAINS FOR ME TO WISH YOU GOD SPEED, GOOD LUCK AND A SAFE RETURN.

THANK YOU, SIR!

AND SO THE SLIM SHAPE OF THE J-289 NOSED ITS WAY DOWN THE MEDWAY AND OUT INTO THE OPEN SEA.



A BRITISH CREW A GERMAN SHIP... AND UNKNOWN PERILS AHEAD.

EVENING FOUND THEM A HUNDRED MILES FROM THE ENGLISH COAST. IN THE WEST, THE SETTING SUN WAS GIVING A BRIEF BEAUTY TO THE COLD, GREY WATER WHEN A SUDDEN SHOUT BROUGHT BOB CALDWELL RACING UP TO THE TOP OF THE CONNING TOWER.

AIRCRAFT APPROACHING... BEARING RED FOUR-FIVE



Up Periscope

THE TINY SPECK IN THE SKY GREW RAPIDLY LARGER... UNTIL BOB WAS ABLE TO MAKE OUT THE SHAPE OF A GERMAN CONDOR...

STAND BY, MEN!
IT'S A JERRY!



EVERY MAN ABOARD FELT HIS MOUTH GO SUDDENLY DRY AS THE CONDOR ZOOMED DOWN UPON THEM. THE ROAR OF ITS ENGINES GREW LOUDER, UNTIL IT WAS ALMOST DEAFENING... AND THEN IT CIRCLED ONCE, WAGGING ITS WINGS IN A GREETING.

SHE'S SAYING 'HELLO'!
GIVE HER A WAVE!

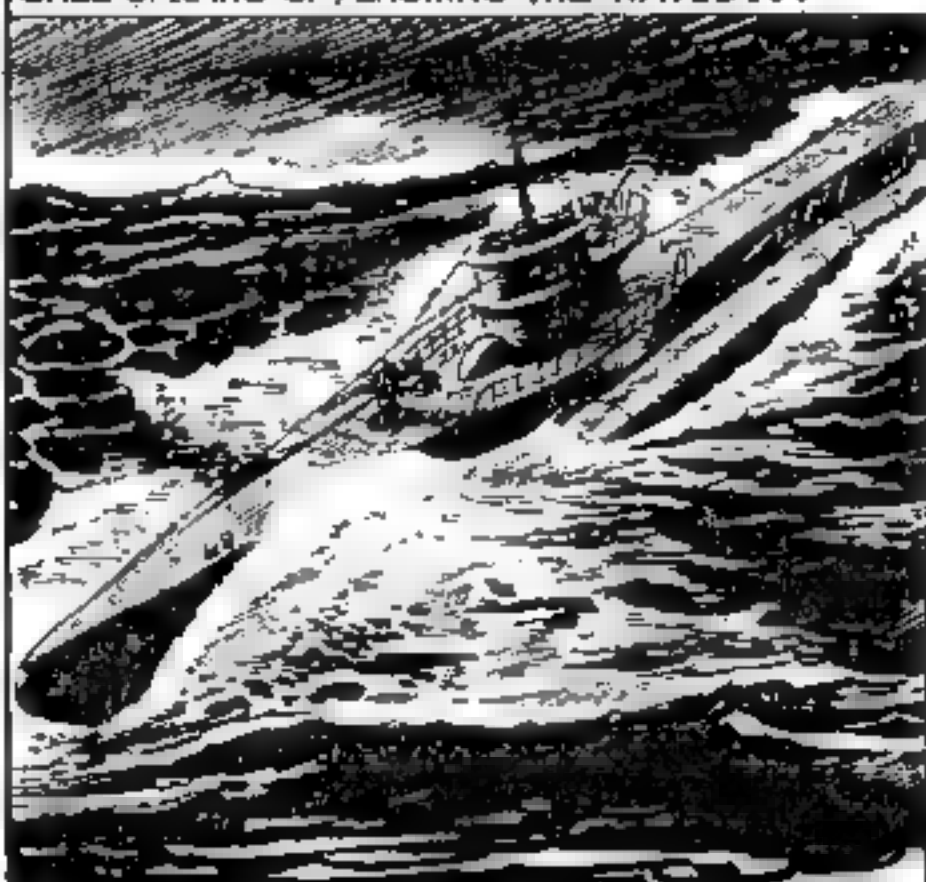


AS THE AIRCRAFT SOARED AWAY AGAIN, THE LAUGHTER BEGAN TO FADE FROM BOB'S FACE.

MAYBE IT WON'T BE THE JERRIES WHO'LL GIVE US THE MOST TROUBLE ON THIS TRIP. IT'LL BE OUR OWN FORCES THAT WE MUST KEEP CLEAR OF.



A THREATENING BANK OF CLOUD HAD BEEN BUILDING UP ON THE HORIZON, AND NOW, WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS, THE SKY GREW DARK. THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED RAPIDLY AS A GALE SPRANG UP, LASHING THE WAVES...



...AND WITHIN MINUTES A VIOLENT STORM WAS RAGING:

BOB GAVE THE ORDER TO SUBMERGE, SO THEY WOULD ESCAPE THE WORST OF NATURE'S VIOLENCE. BUT EVEN BELOW THE SURFACE, THE SLIM SHIP TOSSED AND TURNED LIKE AN UNBROKEN HORSE.

STEER TWO-ONE-ONE, AND TAKE HER DOWN TO A HUNDRED FEET.



BUT BEFORE THEY COULD REACH THE SAFETY OF THE GREATER DEPTH, THE U-288 SHUDDERED AS IF SHE HAD HIT A CONCRETE WALL. MEN FELL SPRAWLING AND SOME OF THE LIGHTS FLICKERED AND DIED.

OUCH! THAT WAS A BAD ONE! FEELS AS IF WE HIT A MILESTONE!



AT A DEPTH OF A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET THE U-BOAT COULD NO LONGER FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE STORM. WITH THE EMERGENCY LIGHTING IN ACTION, BOB SOUGHT OUT CHIEF PETTY OFFICER HILTON.

WHAT'S THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE, CHIEF?

I'LL SOON HAVE THE LIGHTING FUSES REPAIRED, SIR. EVERYTHING ELSE SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT, EXCEPT FOR THE HYDROPHONE. THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL FAULT WHICH MIGHT TAKE A LONG TIME TO SORT OUT.



THE HYDROPHONE WAS A SENSITIVE DEVICE WHICH PICKED UP THE SOUND OF APPROACHING ENGINES; AND SO GAVE A SUBMERGED WARNING IF A SURFACE VESSEL WERE NEAR.

THAT'S A NO SANCE...BUT IT SHOULDN'T PREVENT US COMPLETING OUR JOB. DO WHAT YOU CAN, CHIEF.

AYE, AYE, SIR!



FARTHER AND FARTHER NORTH THEY PROBED, MAKING STEADY PROGRESS. SIX HOURS RUNNING TIME FROM KIEL, BOB MADE RADIO CONTACT WITH THE ADMIRALTY.

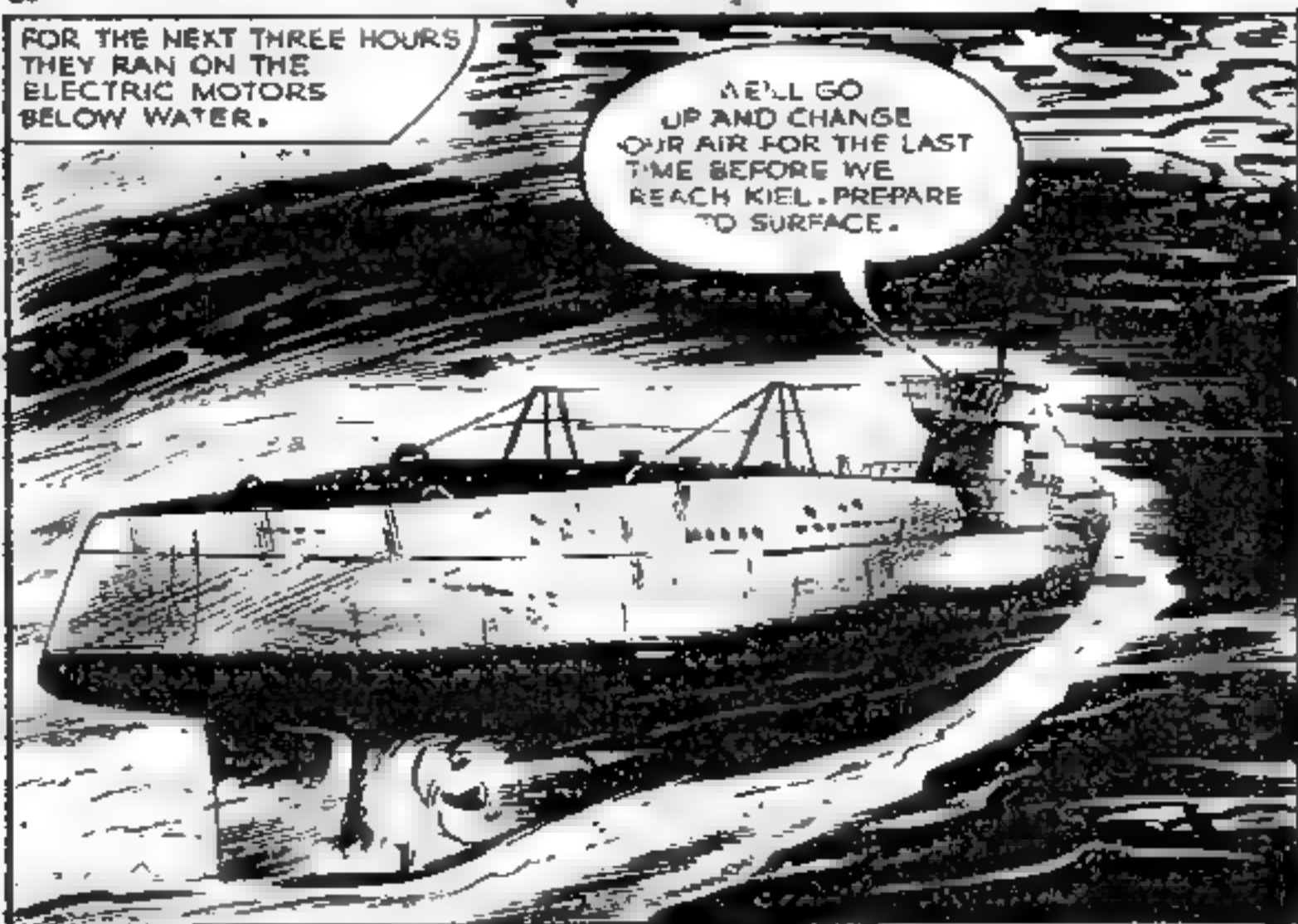
WHAT DO THEY SAY?

HERE'S THEIR MESSAGE, SIR. 'A RECONNAISSANCE WAS CARRIED OUT OVER KIEL HARBOUR AT THIRTEEN HUNDRED HOURS. THE PRINCE GERHARD WAS STILL IN SAME POSITION. PROCEED AS INSTRUCTED.'



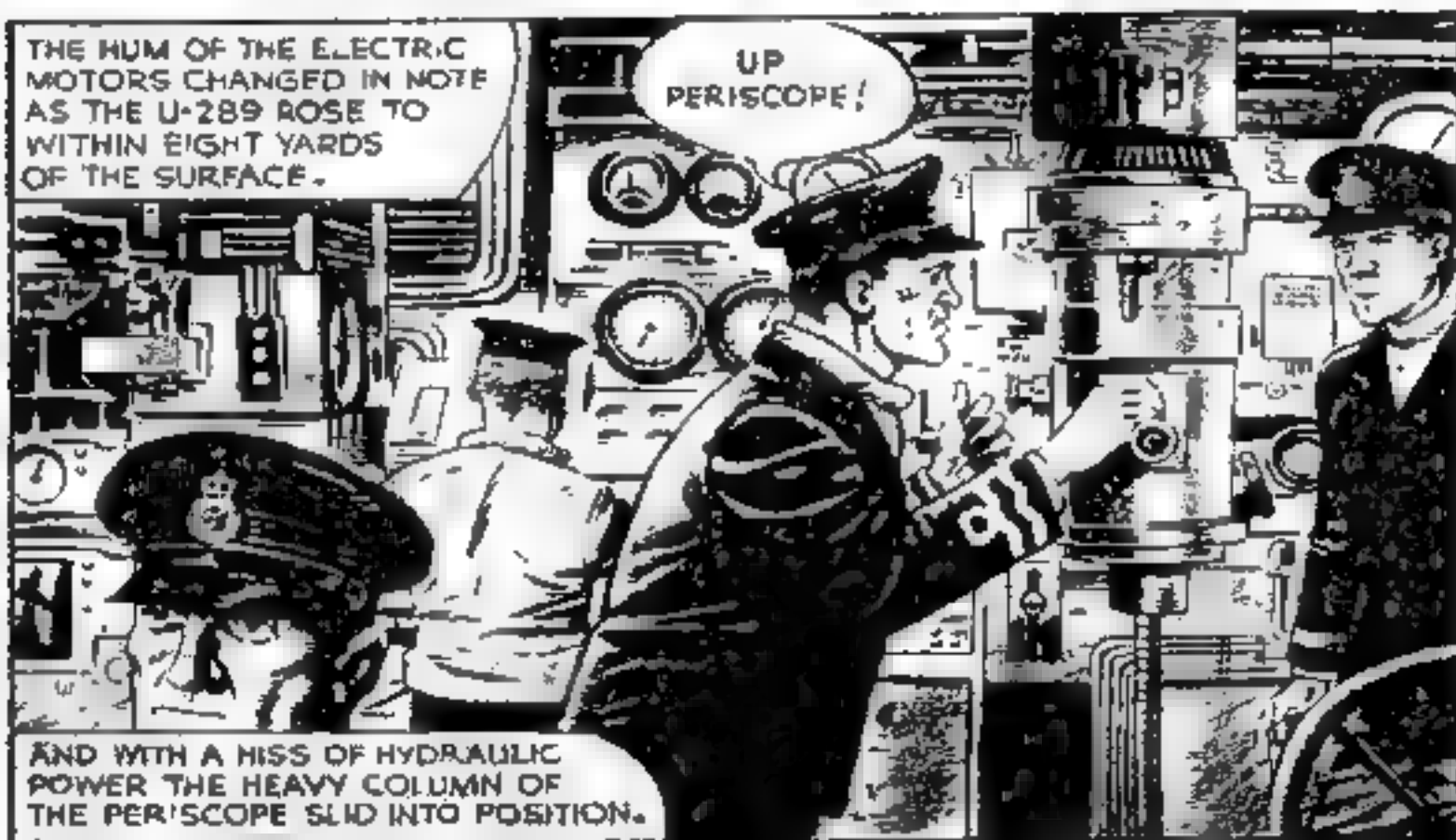
FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS
THEY RAN ON THE
ELECTRIC MOTORS
BELOW WATER.

WE'LL GO
UP AND CHANGE
OUR AIR FOR THE LAST
TIME BEFORE WE
REACH KIEL. PREPARE
TO SURFACE.



THE HUM OF THE ELECTRIC
MOTORS CHANGED IN NOTE
AS THE U-289 ROSE TO
WITHIN EIGHT YARDS
OF THE SURFACE.

UP
PERISCOPE!



AND WITH A HISS OF HYDRAULIC
POWER THE HEAVY COLUMN OF
THE PERISCOPE SLID INTO POSITION.

BOB PLACED HIS HEAD AGAINST THE PADDED TOP OF THE EYE-PIECE...AND SAW A GROUP OF SHIPS STEAMING IN ORDER.

AND AT THE SAME INSTANT A SHARP PING ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE SHIP...A NOISE THAT EVERY MAN RECOGNISED AS AN ASDIC CONTACT MADE BY A SURFACE VESSEL.



BOB STRAIGHTENED FROM THE PERISCOPE EYE-PIECE AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN STUNG.

**DIVE!
DIVE! DIVE!**
OF ALL THE LUCK!
THANKS TO THAT FAULTY
HYDROPHONE WE'VE COME
UP RIGHT IN THE CENTRE
OF A BRITISH
CONVOY!



THE U-289 TILTED STEEPLY AS SHE SUBMERGED AT EMERGENCY SPEED. THEN SHE LURCHED SICKENINGLY. . .

DEPTH CHARGES / THOSE ESCORT VESSELS WERE ON TO US PRETTY SMARTLY /



TENSE SECONDS DRAGGED PAST... AND THEN IT SEEMED THAT A GIANT HAND PICKED UP THE U-BOAT AND SLAMMED IT DOWN ON A CONCRETE FLOOR. . .

THAT WAS CLOSE!

ANOTHER ONE LIKE THAT AND WE'RE DONE FOR!




AS THEY DIVED DEEPER, ANOTHER PATTERN OF DEPTH CHARGES WAS HEARD BUT MUCH FARTHER OFF. FOR THE MOMENT, THEY WERE SAFE. BUT THE TERRIBLE HAMMERING HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL. THE RADIO OPERATOR REPORTED THAT HIS SET WAS IRREPARABLY DAMAGED, AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CRADDOCK HAD EVEN MORE SERIOUS NEWS.

ONLY ONE OF THE ELECTRIC MOTORS IS WORKING, SIR, AND IF WE CONTINUE TO RUN ON THAT ONE ALONE IT'LL BURN OUT. I ESTIMATE THAT IT WILL TAKE ME ALL OF TEN HOURS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGED MOTORS!

CARRY ON THEN, CHIEF. AND DO THE BEST YOU CAN!






IT TOOK TWELVE HOURS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGED MOTOR ...TWELVE HOURS WHICH SEEMED A LIFETIME TO LIEUTENANT ROBERT CALDWELL.

WITH THE RADIO TRANSMITTER OUT OF SERVICE WE CAN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH ADMIRALTY AND TELL THEM OF THE DELAY.

AND THOSE TWELVE HOURS COULD HAVE CHANGED EVERYTHING. DURING THAT TIME THE PRINZ GERHARD COULD HAVE MOVED TO ANOTHER BERTH... OR EVEN HAVE LEFT KIEL. WHAT WILL YOU DO, S.R.?



WE'RE GOING ON WITH THE JOB WE CAME TO DO. TELL THE CHIEF TO START THE MOTORS, NUMBER ONE. WE'RE SETTING A COURSE FOR KIEL!

THREE HOURS LATER,
BOB GAVE THE ORDER
"UP PERISCOPE".

WELL, MEN...
WE'VE ARRIVED! WE'RE
RIGHT ON THE DOORSTEP
OF KIEL HARBOUR. NUMBER
ONE... SURFACE AND
PREPARE TO ENTER
HARBOUR!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!



MINUTES LATER U-289 WAS NOSING
ITS WAY INTO THE HEAVILY-FORTIFIED
GERMAN HARBOUR... AND EVERY
MANJACK OF THE CREW FELT LIKE
A MAN PUTTING HIS HEAD
INTO A LION'S MOUTH.

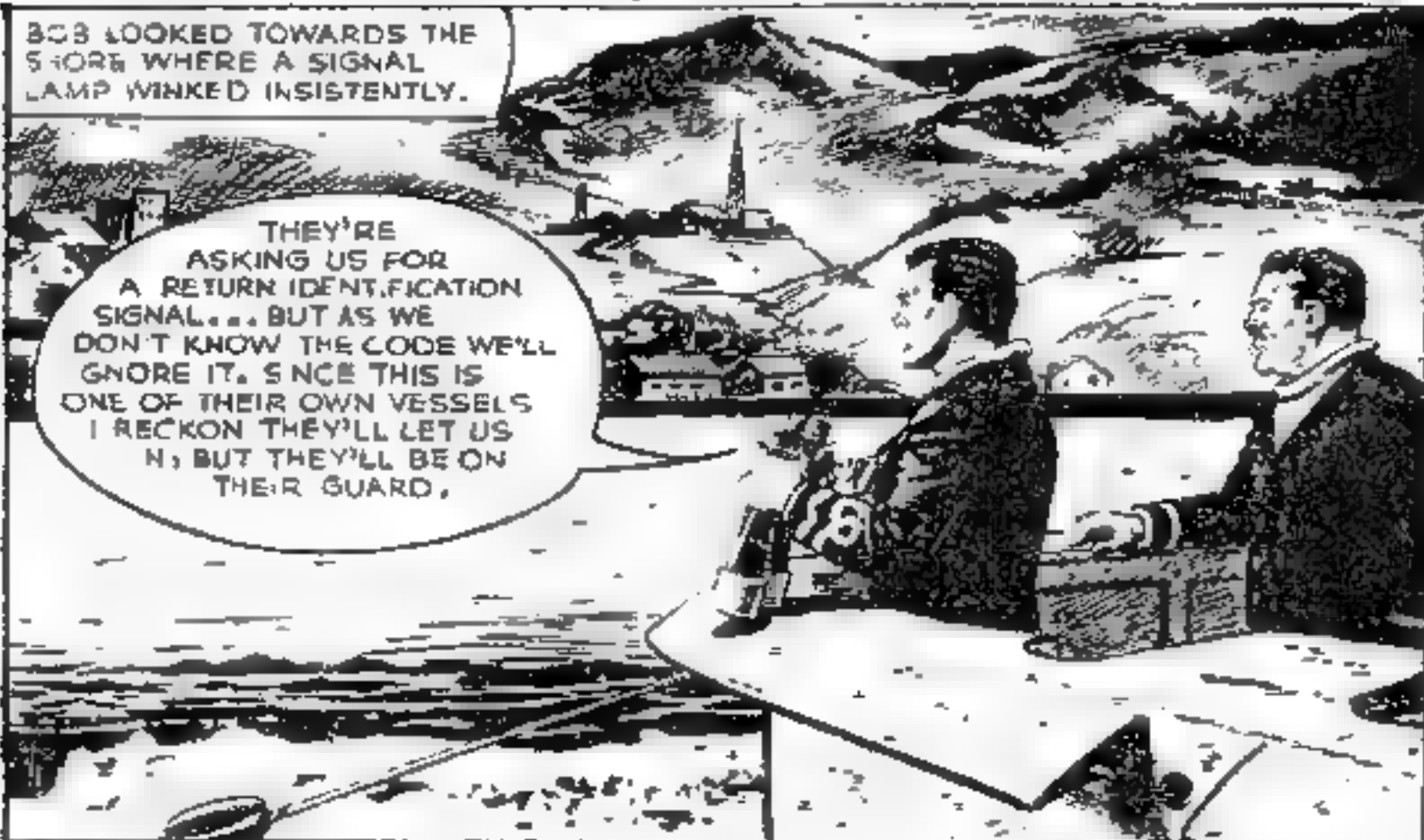
ALL TORPEDO
TUBES READY, SIR.
CREWS STANDING
BY.

LOOK, S.R.
THE JERRIES
ARE FLASHING
US!



BOB LOOKED TOWARDS THE SHORE WHERE A SIGNAL LAMP WINKED INSISTENTLY.

THEY'RE ASKING US FOR A RETURN IDENTIFICATION SIGNAL... BUT AS WE DON'T KNOW THE CODE WE'LL IGNORE IT. SINCE THIS IS ONE OF THEIR OWN VESSELS I RECKON THEY'LL LET US GO, BUT THEY'LL BE ON THEIR GUARD.



SLOWLY THE SLIM U-BOAT MOSED ITS WAY THROUGH THE CALM WATERS OF THE HARBOUR. BOB STOOD WITH HIS POWERFUL BINOCULARS GLUED TO HIS EYES... AND SUDDENLY A STARTLED EXCLAMATION BURST FROM HIS LIPS.

THE BERTH IS EMPTY! THE PRINZ GERHARD ISN'T THERE ANY LONGER! SHE'S GONE!



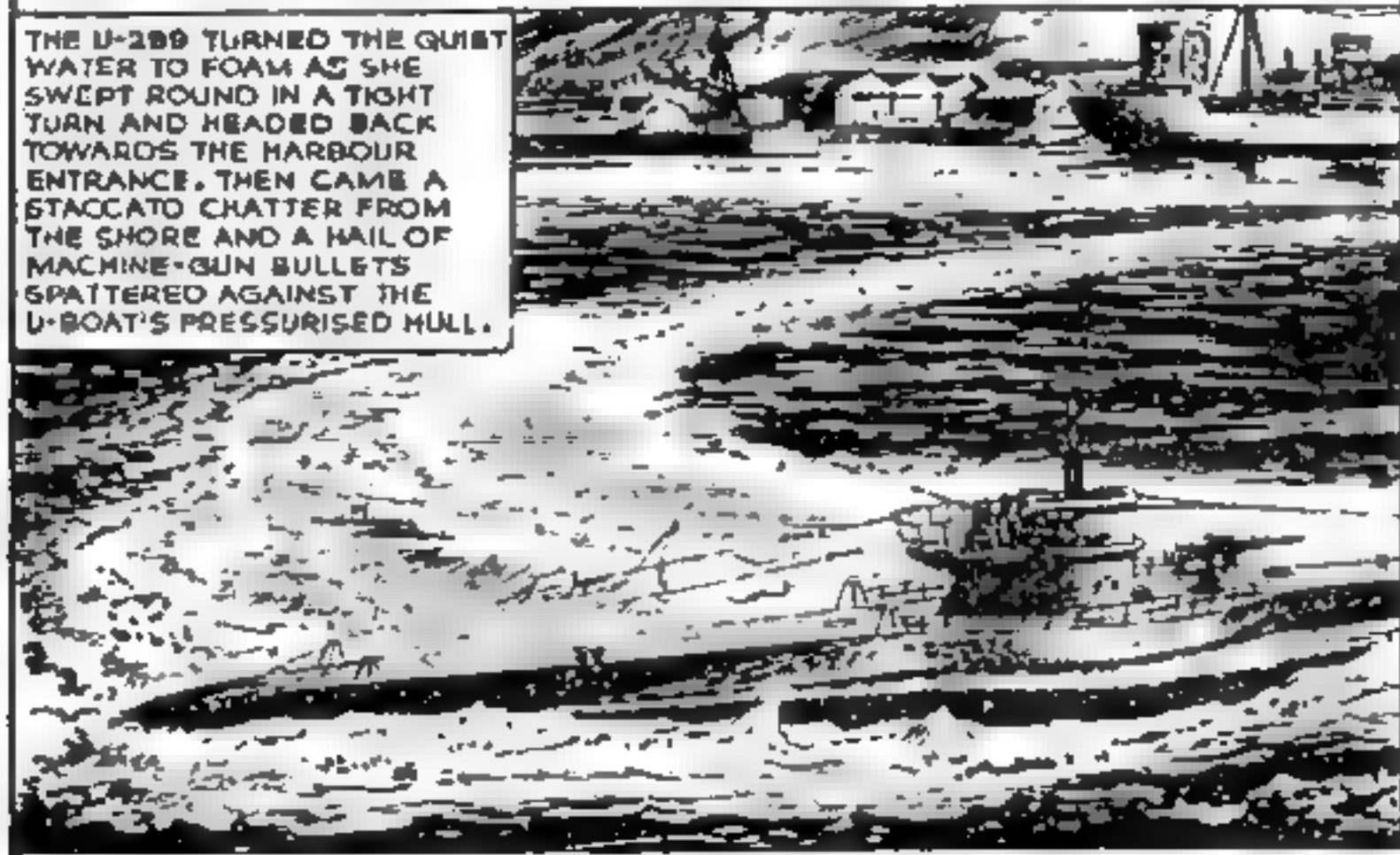
AN UNKIND FATE HAD WRECKED THE CAREFULLY Laid PLANS OF THE ADMIRALTY AND BROUGHT TO NAUGHT THE EFFORTS OF LEUTENANT CALDWELL AND HIS CREW. SINCE THE LAST TIME U-289 HAD BEEN IN CONTACT WITH THE ADMIRALTY, THE PRINZ GERHARD HAD AT LAST MOVED OUT OF KIEL. THE SMASHED RADIO AND THE TWELVE HOURS DELAY WHILST MOTOR REPAIRS HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT ON THE U-BOAT HAD PROVED DISASTROUS!

HARD
A-PORT.
FULL STEAM
AHEAD! WE CAME IN...
NOW WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT!



Chapter 4. **ESCAPE TO DANGER**

THE U-289 TURNED THE QUIET WATER TO FOAM AS SHE SWEEPED ROUND IN A TIGHT TURN AND HEADED BACK TOWARDS THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE. THEN CAME A STACCATO CHATTER FROM THE SHORE AND A HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS SPATTERED AGAINST THE U-BOAT'S PRESSURISED HULL.

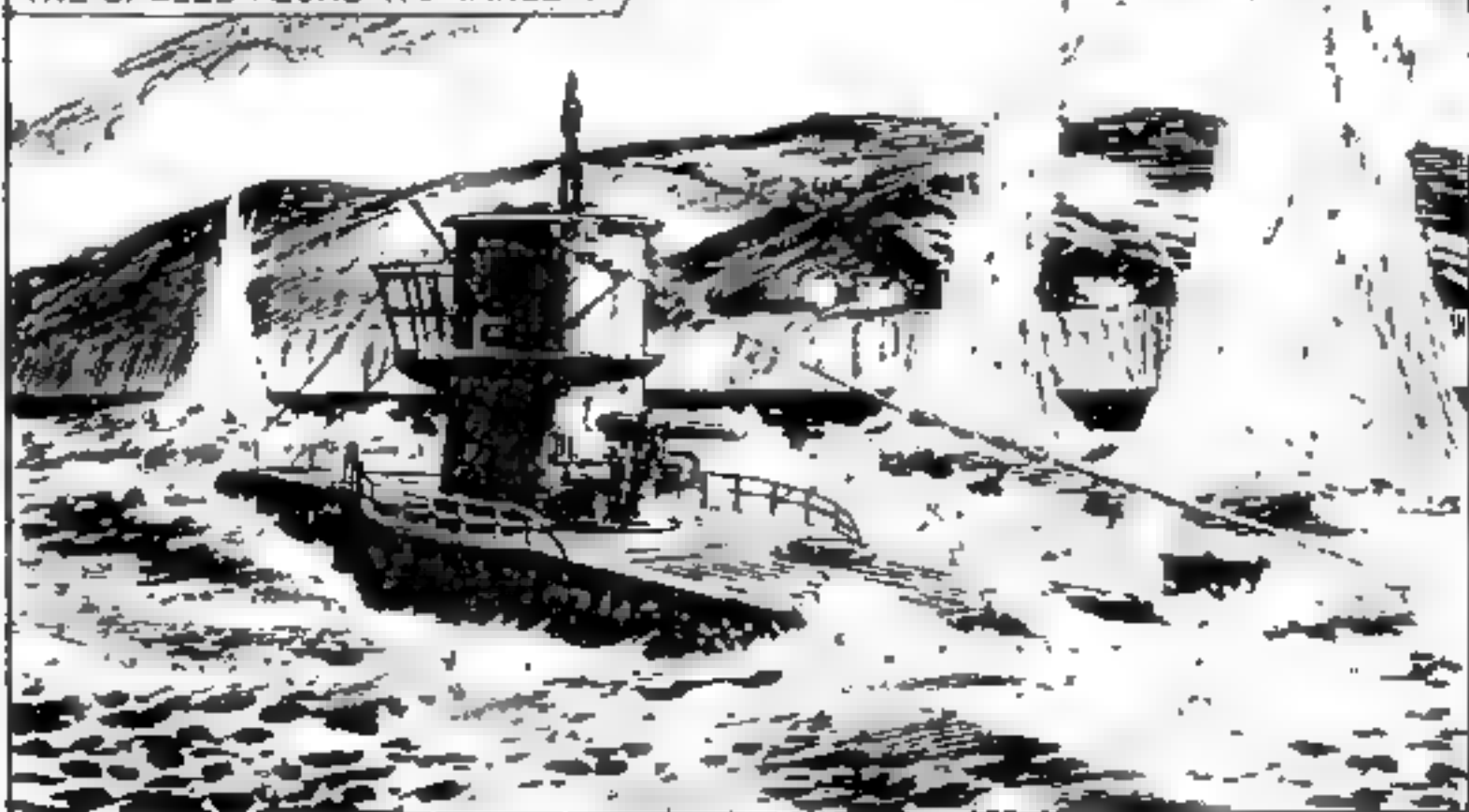


HER SLIM BOWS CREAMING THE WATER, THE U-289 SURGED THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR.

WE'RE
PAST THE
HARBOUR BOOM NOW.
**DIVE! DIVE!
DIVE!**



IN A CONCERTED ROAR, THE SHORE BATTERY GUNS OPENED UP. FOUNTAINS OF WATER SHOT SKYWARDS AND THE DIVING U-BOAT SEEMED TO STAGGER AS ONE OF THE SHELLS FOUND ITS TARGET.




THE WATER CLOSED OVER THE WOUNDED U-BOAT, PROTECTING HER FROM FURTHER GUN FIRE. THEY HAD ESCAPED FROM THE GERMAN HARBOUR... BUT AT A COST.

WE'VE BEEN HOLED FORWARD, SIR. WATER'S COMING IN FAST!


SEAL OFF THE FORWARD COMPARTMENT AS BEST YOU CAN.







THIS MAY BE
A BRITISH TRICK.
RADIO THE PRINZ GERHARD
AND INSTRUCT HER TO RETURN
AT ONCE TO KIEL. TELL HER
THAT IF SHE ENCOUNTERS
THE U-TWO-EIGHT-NINE
IT IS TO BE SUNK ON
SIGHT.



IN THE NORTH SEA THE PRINZ
GERHARD WAS STEAMING AT
TWENTY KNOTS, ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR ANY STRAY BRITISH SHIPPING.
WHEN A SIGNALS RATING
MOUNTED THE BRIDGE.

WELL?

THIS RADIO
MESSAGE HAS
JUST BEEN
RECEIVED, HERR
KAPITAN!

THE GERMAN SECOND-IN-COMMAND SAW HIS CAPTAIN'S FACE GROW THOUGHTFUL AS HE READ THE MESSAGE.

IS IT
SOMETHING SERIOUS,
HERR KAPITAN?

WE ARE TO RETURN
TO KIEL AT ONCE. AND WE
ARE TO MAINTAIN A CONSTANT
WATCH FOR THE U-TWO-EIGHT-
NINE. THERE IS REASON TO
BELIEVE SHE IS IN THE HANDS
OF THE BRITISH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIPPLED U-BOAT, THE STRAIN WAS BEGINNING TO TELL ON EVERY MEMBER OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY. CHIEF PETTY OFFICER CRADDOCK SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CONTROL ROOM.

WE'VE TAKEN
A LOT OF WATER ABOARD,
S.R. IF WE DON'T SURFACE
SOON, WE SHAN'T
BE ABLE TO.

AND WHEN
WE DO SURFACE
ANOTHER DIVE WILL
BE OUT OF THE QUESTION.
HOW FAR ARE WE
FROM KIEL NUMBER
ONE?

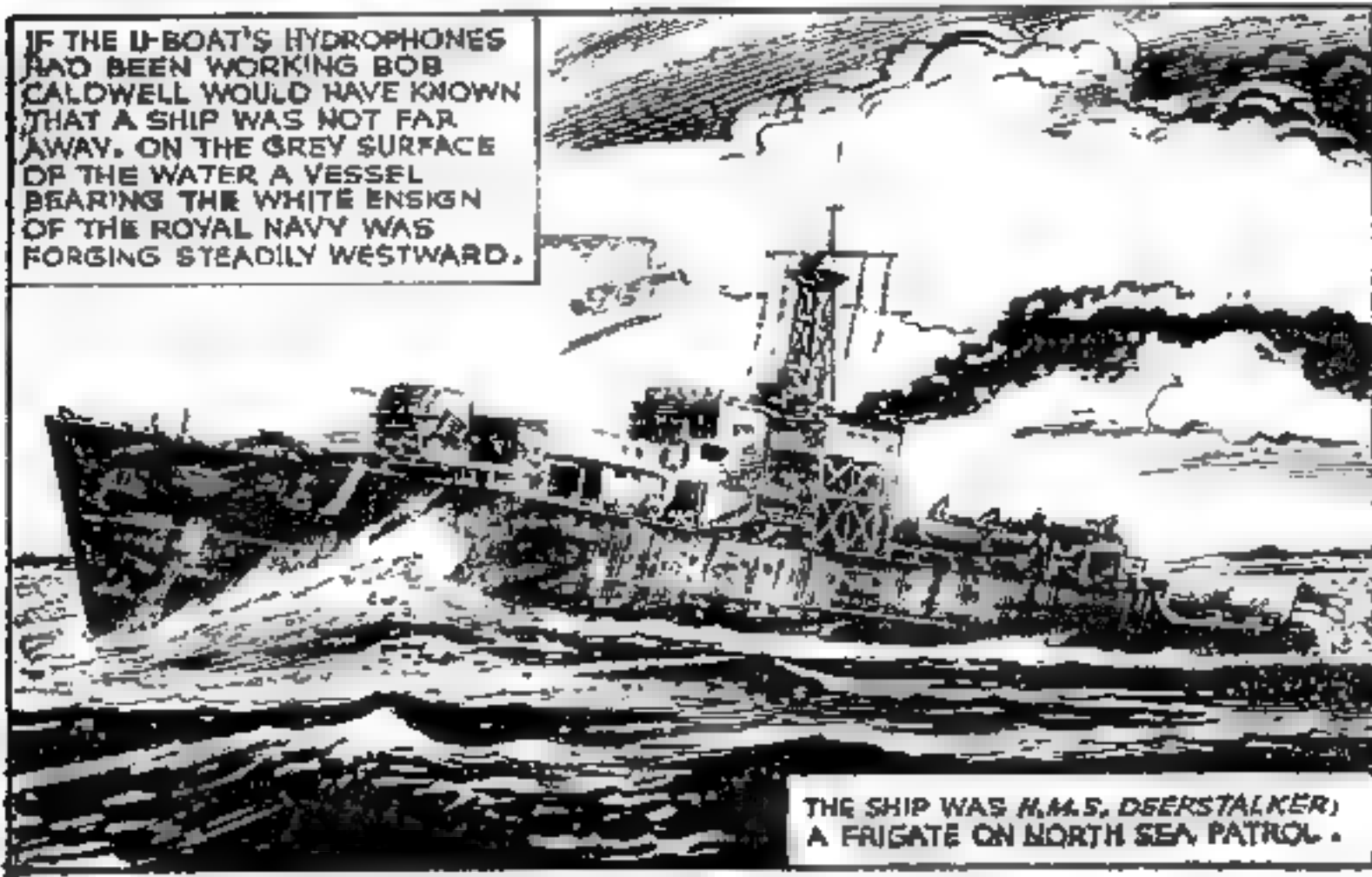
ABOUT
FORTY MILES,
S.R.



VERY WELL...
WE'LL GO UPSTAIRS.
BUT WE'D BETTER ALL KEEP
OUR FINGERS CROSSED AND
PRAY THAT THE FIRST SHIP
WE SEE IS A BRITISH
ONE AND NOT A
JERRY!



IF THE U-BOAT'S HYDROPHONES
HAD BEEN WORKING BOB
CALDWELL WOULD HAVE KNOWN
THAT A SHIP WAS NOT FAR
AWAY. ON THE GREY SURFACE
OF THE WATER A VESSEL
BEARING THE WHITE ENSIGN
OF THE ROYAL NAVY WAS
FORGING STEADILY WESTWARD.



THE SHIP WAS H.M.S. DEERSTALKER,
A FRIGATE ON NORTH SEA PATROL.

STANDING ON THE FRIGATE'S HEAVY NG BRIDGE WAS A STOCKY FIGURE THAT BOB CALDWELL WOULD HAVE RECOGNISED IMMEDIATELY. IT WAS LIEUTENANT JAMES DOWD R.N.R., LATE OF H.M.S. MAGNOLIA AND, NOW SKIPPER OF THE DEERSTALKER.

ASDIC
REPORT A
STRONG ECHO
TO STARBOARD;
S.R.

SOUND
ACTION STATIONS;
NUMBER ONE.
STARBOARD
THIRTY!

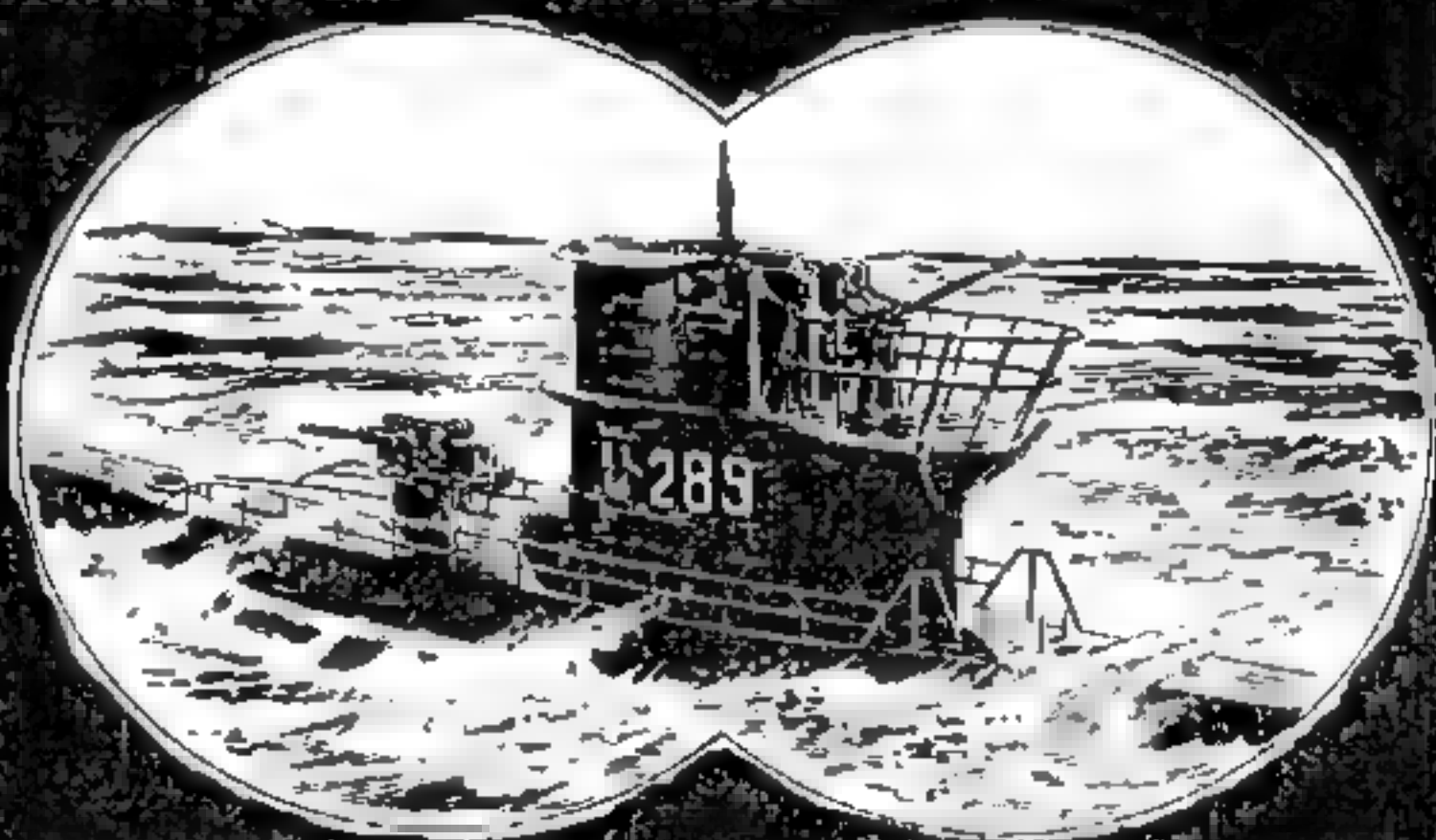


THE VESSEL SWUNG ROUND IN A SMOOTH CIRCLE... AND A MOMENT LATER AN EXCITED CRY BURST FROM ONE OF THE BRIDGE LOOKOUTS.

LOOK...!
IT'S A
U-BOAT!



LEUTENANT DOWD FOCUSED HIS BINOCULARS UPON THE DRIPPING
SHAPE THAT THRUST OUT OF THE WATER... AND CLEARLY SAW
THE NUMBER PAINTED UPON ITS SLIM SIDE.



THE U-TWO-EIGHT-NINE,
I'VE LIVED FOR THIS
MOMENT! YOU SANK THE
MAGNOLIA AND MURDERED ITS
CREW... BUT NOW THE DAY OF
RECKONING HAS COME! AND
I'M GOING TO TAKE MY
REVENGE IN FULL!



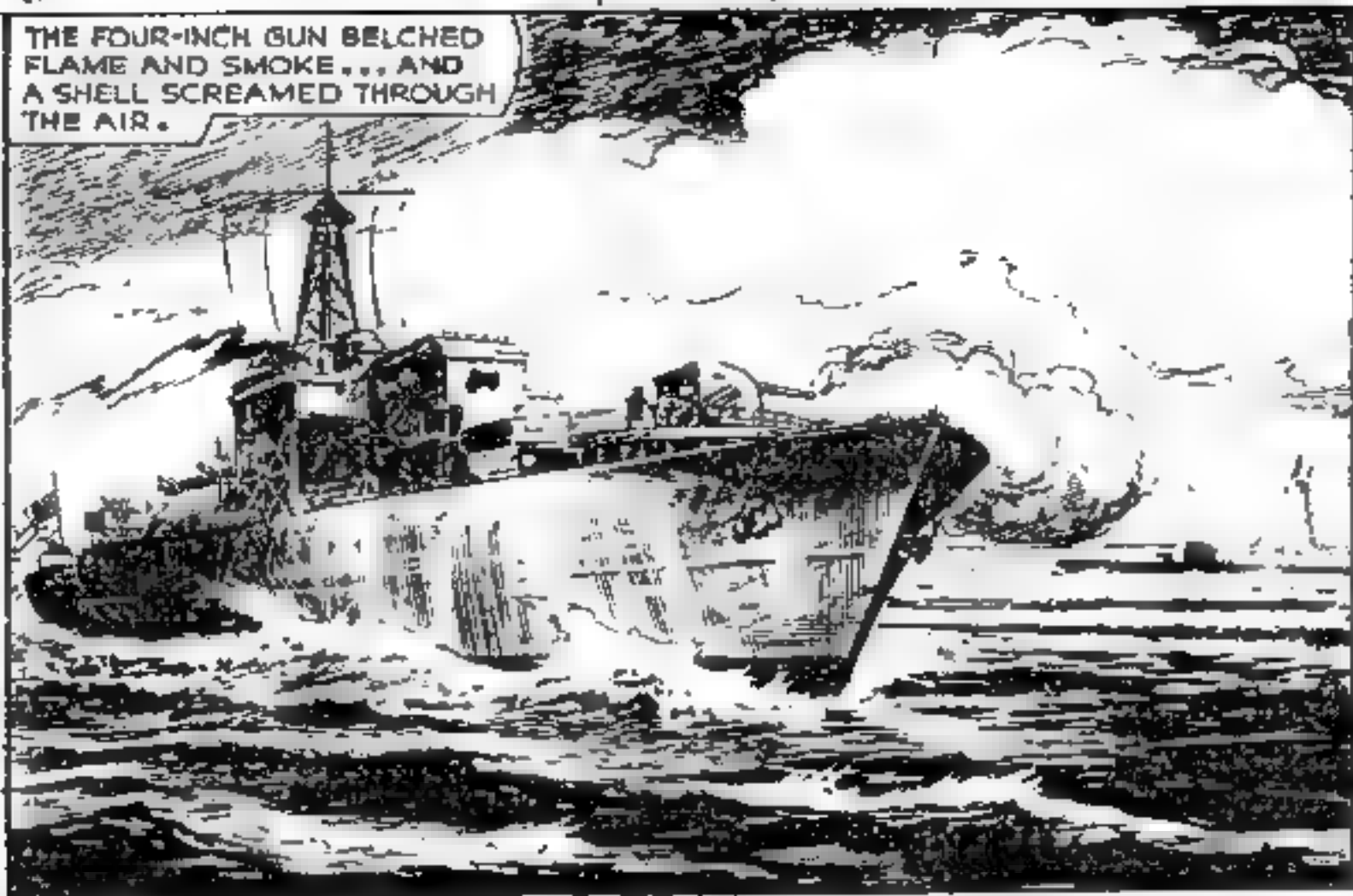
Chapter 5. DAY OF RECKONING

DOWD'S VOICE ROSE, HIGH-
PITCHED WITH THE
EXCITEMENT THAT HELD
HIM IN ITS GRIP.

MEN...! WE'RE
GOING TO BLOW THAT
TIN-FISH APART!
**NUMBER ONE
GUN...FIRE!**



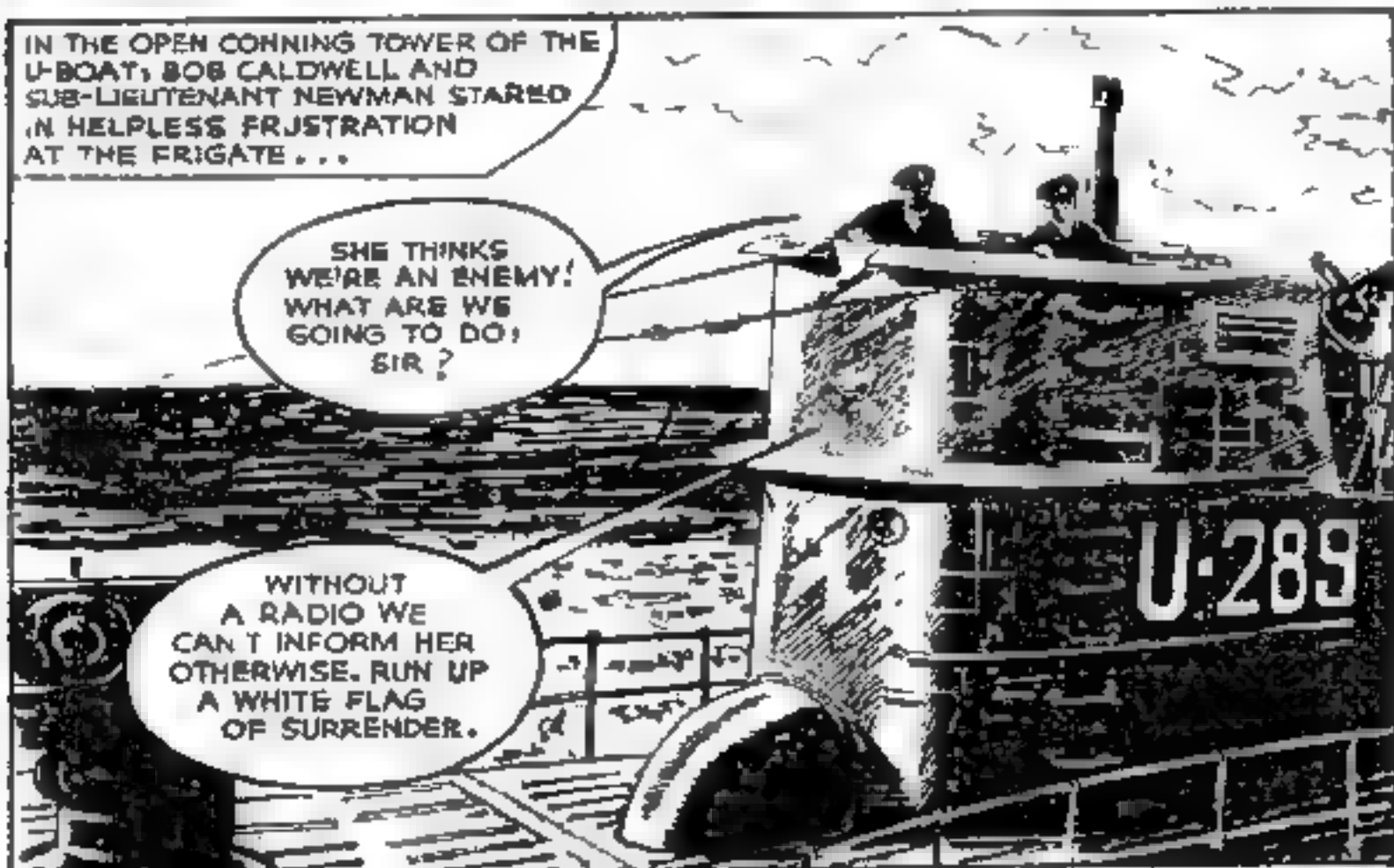
THE FOUR-INCH GUN BELCHED
FLAME AND SMOKE... AND
A SHELL SCREAMED THROUGH
THE AIR.



IN THE OPEN CONNING TOWER OF THE
U-BOAT, BOB CALDWELL AND
SUB-LIEUTENANT NEWMAN STARED
IN HELPLESS FRUSTRATION
AT THE FRIGATE...

SHE THINKS
WE'RE AN ENEMY!
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO,
SIR?

WITHOUT
A RADIO WE
CAN'T INFORM HER
OTHERWISE. RUN UP
A WHITE FLAG
OF SURRENDER.



ON BOARD THE *DEERSTALKER* LIEUTENANT DOWD SMILED MIRTHLESSLY AS A WHITE FLAG SUDDENLY APPEARED, FLUTTERING ABOVE THE U-BOAT.

IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING TO ESCAPE THEIR MEDICINE AS EASY AS THAT, THEY'VE NEVER MADE A BIGGER MISTAKE! KEEP FIRING, MEN... AND DON'T CEASE WHILE THERE'S STILL A TARGET TO AIM AT!



TWO MORE SHELLS WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR... AND BULLETS FROM ONE OF THE FRIGATE'S LEWIS GUNS SPATTERED AGAINST THE U-BOAT'S HULL.

THAT LAST SHELL WAS CLOSER... THEY'RE GETTING THE RANGE.

SIGNALMAN! BRING UP THE AID S LAMP!



SIGNALMAN BATES, ALDIE'S SIGNALLING LAMP IN HIS HAND, HURRIED UP THE IRON LADDER TO JOIN HIS SKIPPER.

BATES: MAKE 'WE ARE BRITISH' TO THE FRIGATE. AND WATCH YOURSELF. SOMEBODY ABOARD THE FRIGATE IS HAVING FUN WITH A LEWIS GUN.

AYE, AYE! SIR!



BATES GINGERLY RAISED HIMSELF ABOVE THE TOP OF THE OPEN CONNING TOWER. THE SHUTTERS OF HIS SIGNAL LAMP CLATTERED TWICE... AND THEN...

AAGH....!



... A STRAY BULLET FROM THE FRIGATE'S LEW'S GUN FOUND A TARGET IN THE YOUNG SIGNALMAN.

THE BULLET HAD STRUCK BATES IN THE SHOULDER. THE INJURY WAS NOT SERIOUS, BUT THE ALDIS LAMP... THE ONLY ONE CARRIED BY THE U-289 ... WAS NOW LOST FOR EVER IN THE COLD DEPTHS OF THE NORTH SEA.

SORRY, SIR... I LET YOU DOWN!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, YOU DID ALL YOU COULD.



ANOTHER SHELL HURTTLED INTO THE WATER, SO CLOSE THAT THE U-289 SHUDDERED VIOLENTLY. BOB CALDWELL'S FACE TWISTED INTO LINES OF BITTERNESS.

THERE'S NOTHING MORE ANY OF US CAN DO EXCEPT SIT HERE AND TAKE IT!



THE PRINZ GERHARD, STEAMING FOR KIEL, HEARD THE SOUND OF THE DEERSTALKER'S GUNFIRE AND TURNED TO MAKE A CAUTIOUS INVESTIGATION. THE CAPTAIN AND HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER STUDIED THE SCENE THROUGH THEIR POWERFUL GLASSES.

IT IS THE
VESSEL WE
WARNED ABOUT,
HERR KAPITAN!
THE J-TWO-EIGHT-
NINE!

AND IT IS
BEING ATTACKED
BY A SMALL
BRITISH WARSHIP!



AS THE TWO GERMAN NAVAL OFFICERS WATCHED, A SHELL FROM THE DEERSTALKER SCORED A HIT UPON THE AFTER PART OF THE U-BOAT

IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS THAT THE AUTHORITIES AT KIEL WERE WRONG IN SUSPECTING THE U-TWO-EIGHT-NINE TO BE IN BRITISH HANDS. FULL SPEED AHEAD, OBERLEUTNANT. WE ARE GOING TO ENGAGE THE BRITISH WARSHIP AND SINK HER!



THE HEAVY CRUMP OF THE PRINZ GERHARD'S SIX INCH GUNS ECHOED ACROSS THE SWELLING SEA... AND THIS TIME IT WAS THE TURN OF THE DEERSTALKER TO SEE WATER SPOUT SKYWARDS, DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO HER.

IT'S A JERRY CRUISER, SIR!



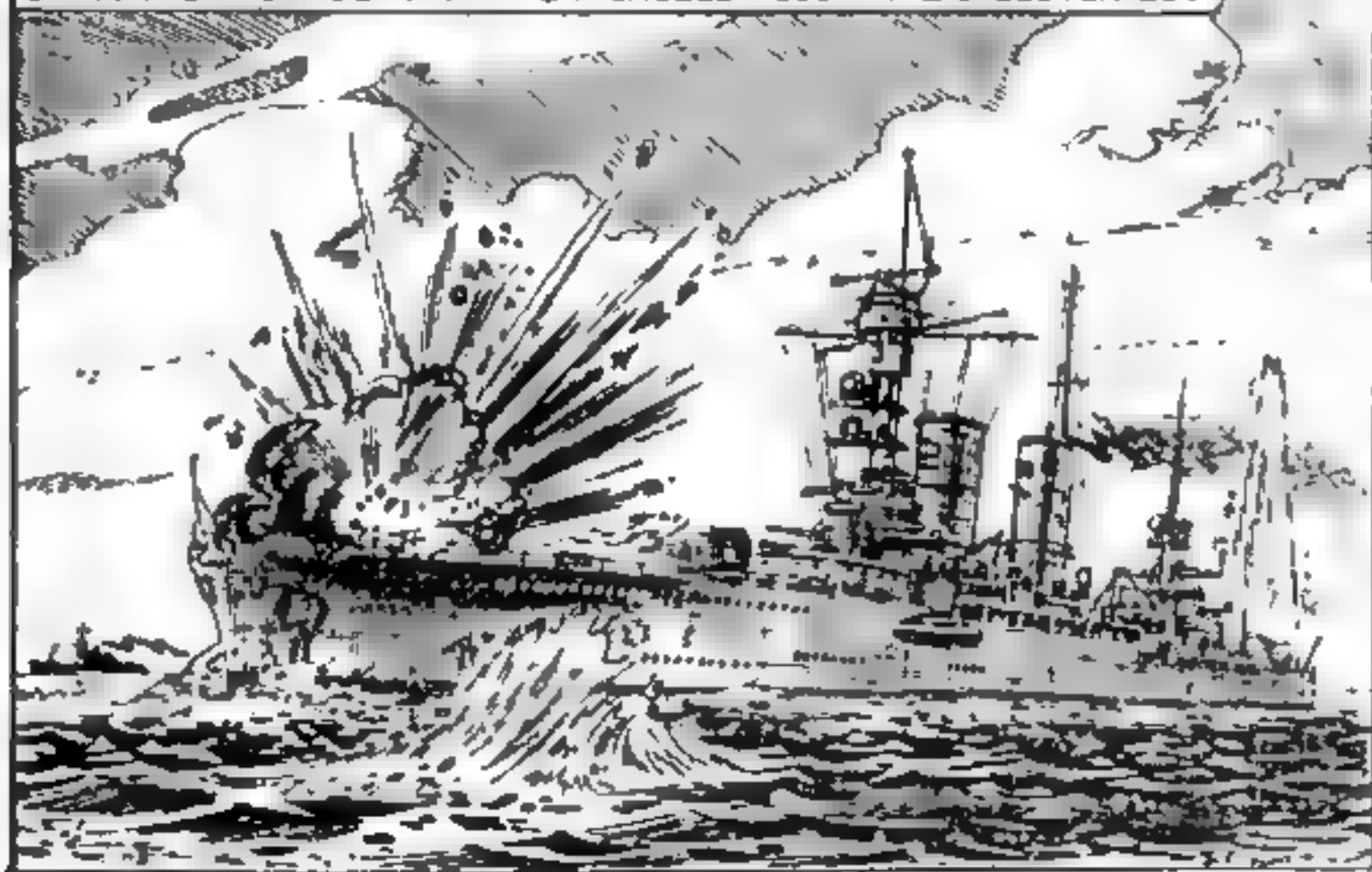
Chapter 6. *STING IN THE TAIL*

LIEUTENANT DOWD SCANNED
THE FAST-APPROACHING
PRINZ GERHARD.

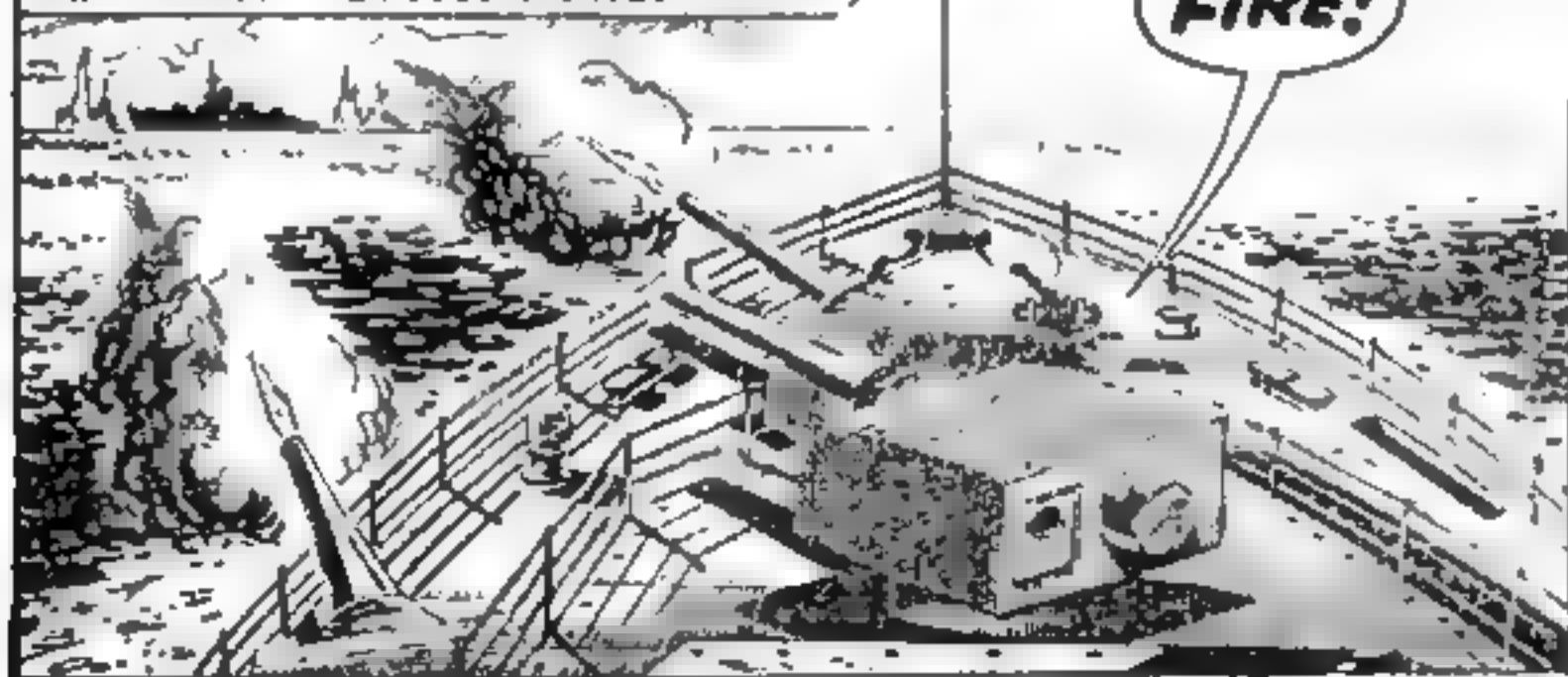
AGAINST
ALL THAT ARMAMENT
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE...
BUT WE'LL GO DOWN
FIGHTING! NEVER MIND THE
U-BOAT FOR THE MOMENT.
GUNLAYER... THE
GERMAN CRUISER IS
YOUR TARGET.



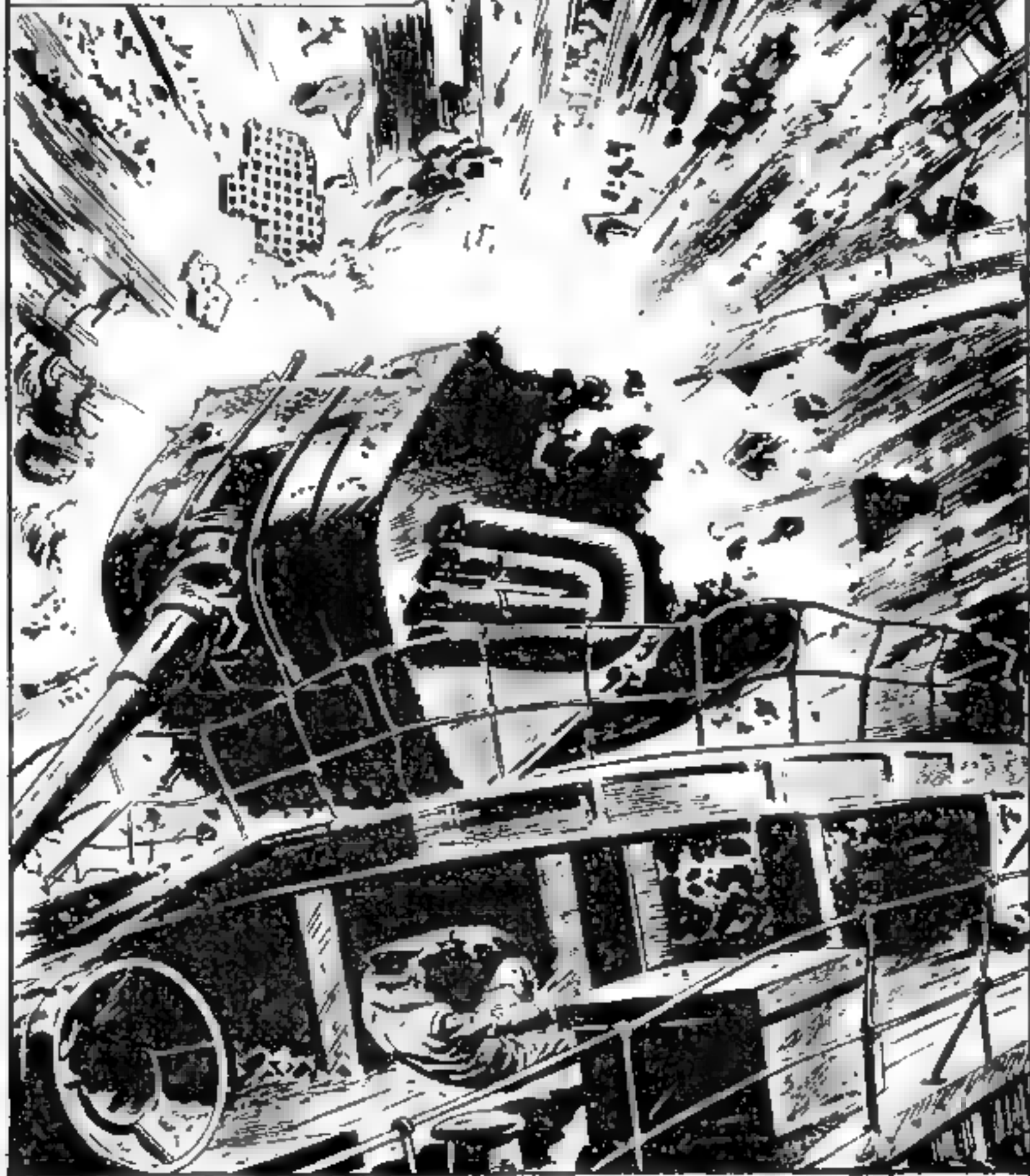
THE CRUISER ROCKED SLIGHTLY AS HER GUNS ROARED AGAIN... AND THEN SHE SHOOK MORE VIOLENTLY AS A FOUR-INCH SHELL FROM THE FRIGATE STRUCK HER PORT BOW, TEARING A JAGGED HOLE IN THE STEEL PLATES.



SWIFT ORDERS WERE GIVEN, THE PRINZ GERHARD TURNED HEAD ON TO THE LITTLE R.N. WARSHIP TO PRESENT A SMALLER TARGET, AND THE LONG BARRELS OF THE FORWARD SIX-INCH GUNS SWUNG MENACINGLY AS THE GERMAN GUN-LAYER MADE ADJUSTMENTS.



A BLOW OF INCREDIBLE FORCE ROCKED THE DEERSTALKER AND JAGGED FRAGMENTS OF TORN METAL FLEW WICKEDLY THROUGH THE THICK SMOKE THAT BELCHED UP FROM IN FRONT OF THE BRIDGE.



LIEUTENANT DOWD STAGGERED TO HIS FEET, DASHING AWAY THE BLOOD THAT WELLED FROM A CUT ON HIS FOREHEAD. DIMLY HE HEARD THE VOICE OF HIS NAVIGATOR.

IT WAS A DIRECT HIT ON THE FORWARD GUN, SIR.

SO NOW WE'RE LEFT WITH ONLY ONE GUN. PASS THE WORD TO THE AFTER GUN CREW TO KEEP FIRING!




ON THE U-299, BOB CALDWELL AND HIS FIRST LIEUTENANT WATCHED THE UNEQUAL BATTLE.

THE CRUISER'S SCORED ANOTHER HIT! NOTHING CAN SAVE THAT FRIGATE NOW!

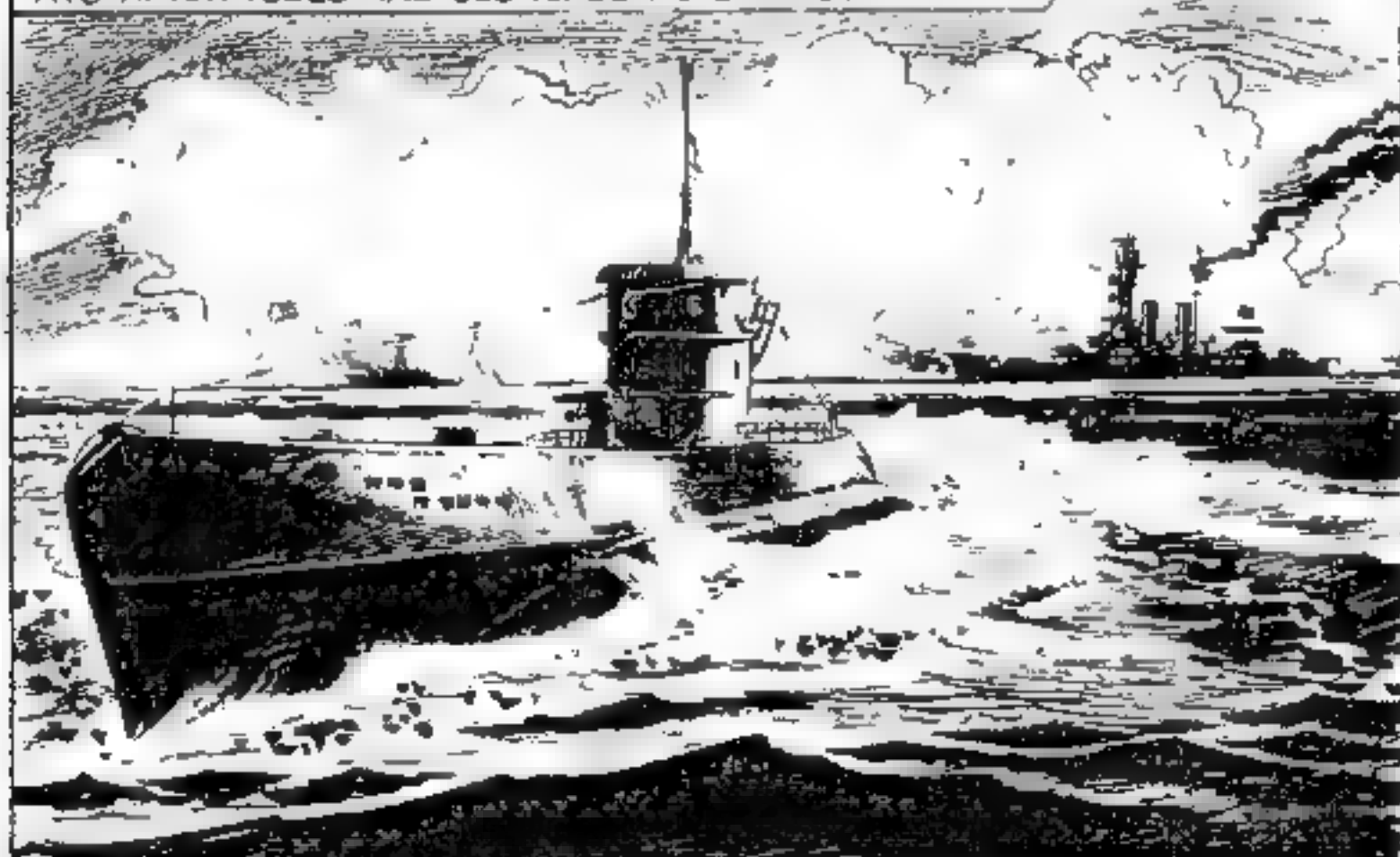
YOU'RE WRONG, SUB! WE CAN SAVE HER!



A black and white illustration of a man in a naval uniform, wearing a peaked cap and a dark jacket with a white collar. He is shown in profile, looking out towards the sea. The background shows a choppy sea under a cloudy sky.

THE JERRIES
HAVE GOT ALL THEIR
ATTENTION FOCUSED ON
THE FRIGATE. I'M WILLING TO
BET MY RUM RATION THAT
THERE ISN'T A MAN ABOARD
HER WHO'S WATCHING WHAT
WE'RE DOING. AND WE'RE
GOING TO MANOEUVRE
INTO POSITION FOR A
TORPEDO ATTACK!

THE FOUR FORWARD TORPEDO TUBES OF THE U-289 HAD BEEN
DAMAGED, FIRST BY THE GUNFIRE OF THE SHORE BATTERY AT
KIEL, AND THEN BY THE DEERSTALKER'S GUNFIRE, BUT THE
TWO AFTER TUBES HAD SUSTAINED NO DAMAGE.

A black and white illustration of a submarine on the surface of the sea. The submarine is dark-colored with a white conning tower. It is moving from left to right, leaving a white wake. In the background, there are hills and a small town or village on a hillside.

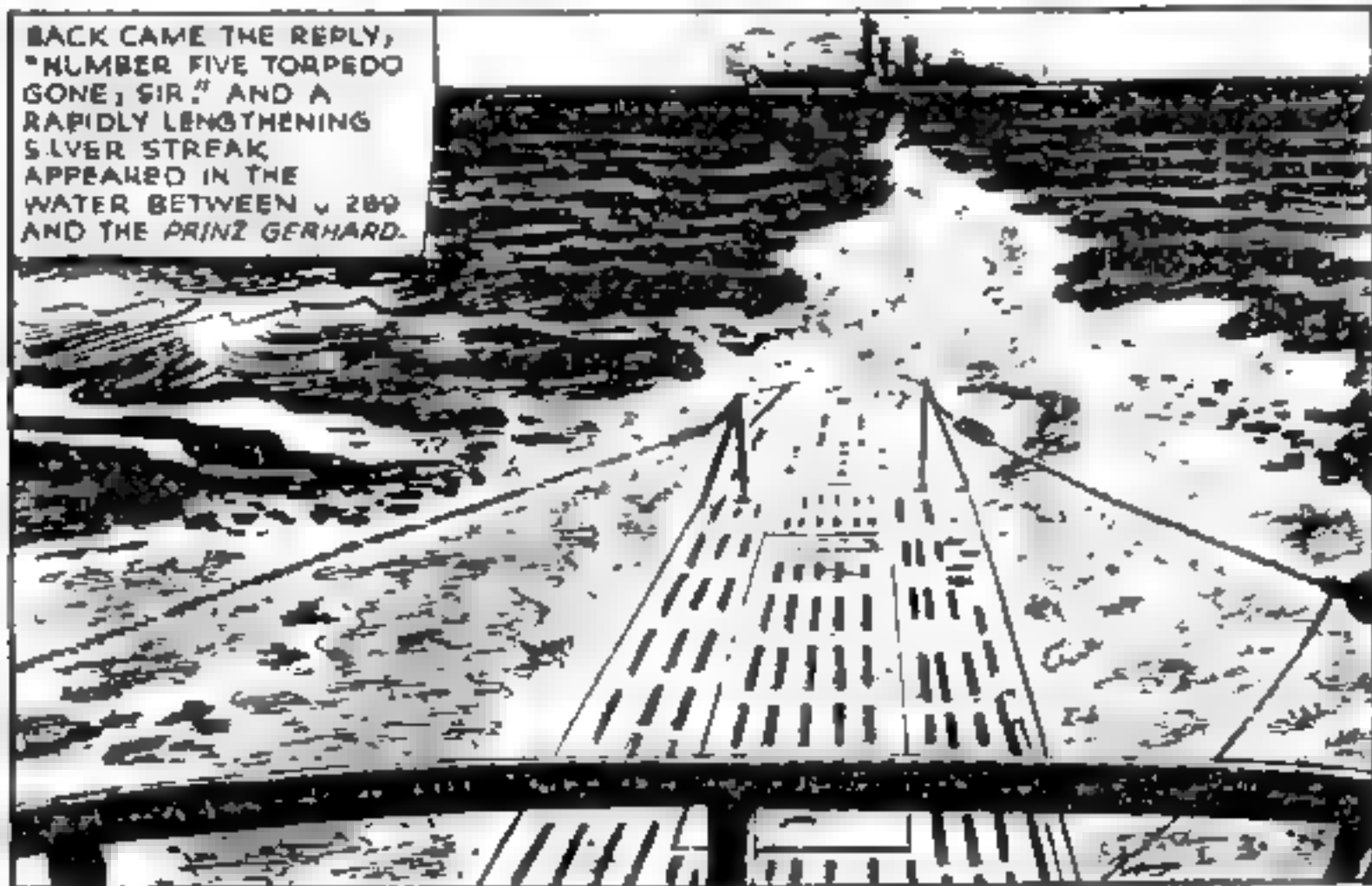
SLOWLY, BOB NOSED HIS CRIPPLED VESSEL
AWAY FROM THE BATTLE, SO THAT HE COULD
LAUNCH A TORPEDO ATTACK WITH HIS AFTER TUBES.

THE THROB OF THE DIESEL ENGINES WAS THE ONLY NOISE TO BE HEARD...AND THE NERVES OF EVERY MAN ON BOARD WERE STRETCHED TO BREAKING POINT WHEN BOB'S VOICE RAPPED OUT.

NUMBER
FIVE TUBE...
FIRE!

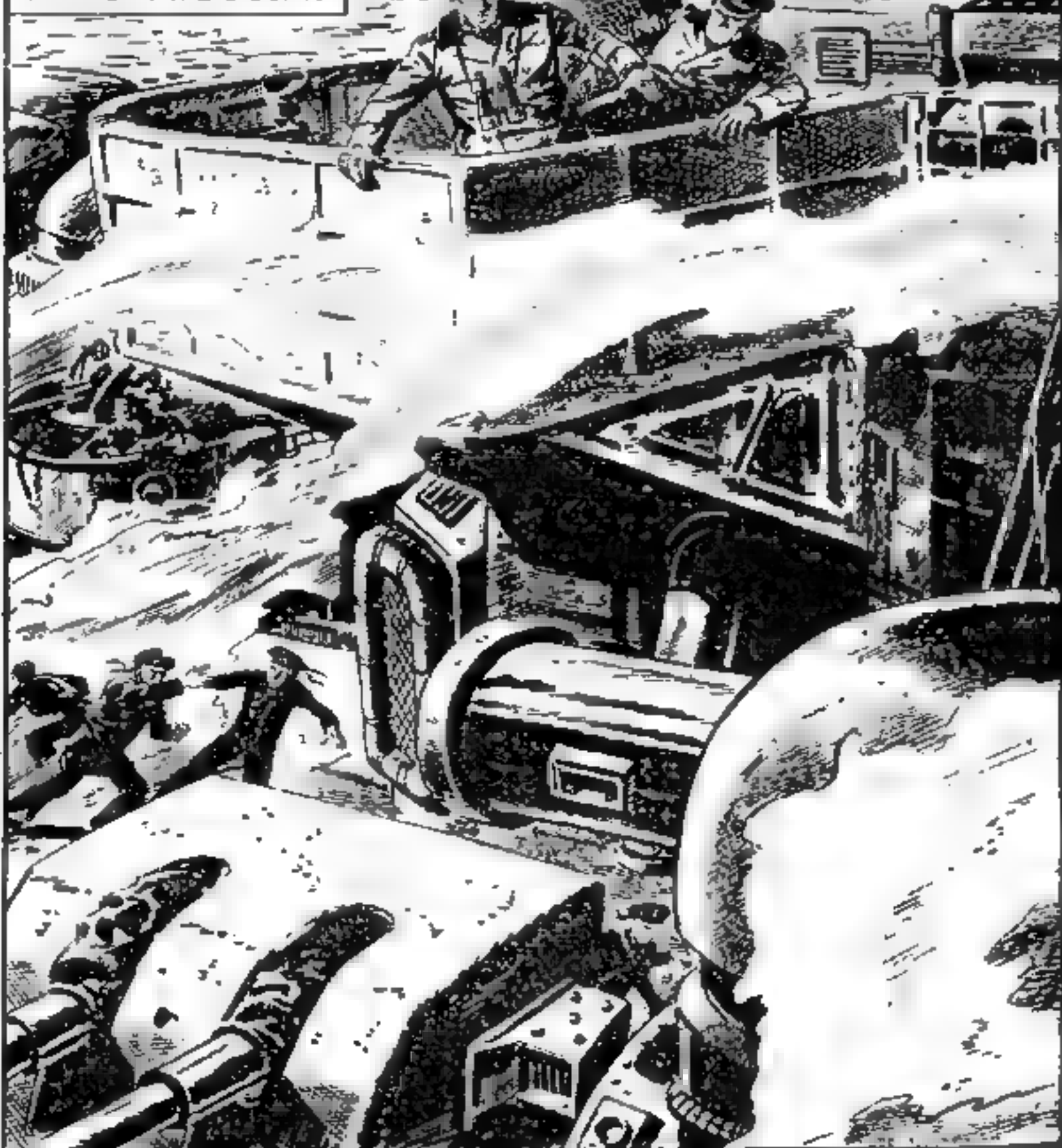


BACK CAME THE REPLY, "NUMBER FIVE TORPEDO GONE, SIR," AND A RAPIDLY LENGTHENING SILVER STREAK APPEARED IN THE WATER BETWEEN U 289 AND THE PRINZ GERHARD.



THE PRINZ GERHARD WAS CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL WHEN THE FIRST TIN-FISH STRUCK HER. AND ONLY THEN, AS THE GREAT SHIP LURCHED DRUNKENLY UNDER THE TREMENDOUS IMPACT, DID THE CAPTAIN REMEMBER THE U-BOAT.

DONNERWETTER!
TORPEDO ATTACK!
HARD TO PORT!
ALL GUN CREWS
CONCENTRATE ON
THE U-BOAT!
SINK HER!



THE SEA AROUND THE U-289 ERUPTED INTO A TORTURED MAELSTROM AS A HAIL OF SHELLS FROM THE CRUISER RIPPED INTO IT. THE U-BOAT STAGGERED BENEATH A RENDING EXPLOSION.

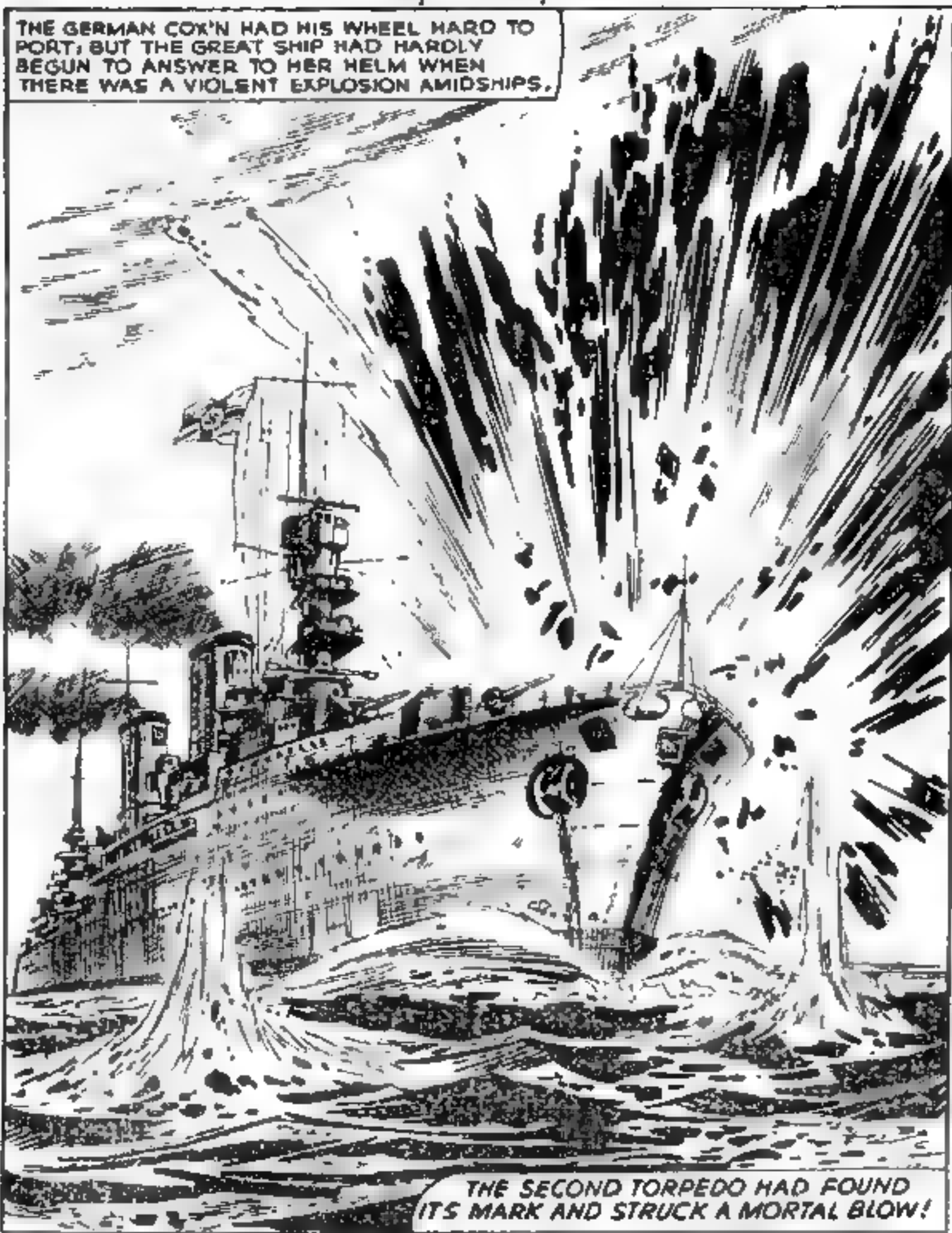
THE WATER'S POURING IN FORWARD, SIR! WE'RE FINISHED!



WHEN A WASP IS DYING IT'S AT ITS MOST DANGEROUS! AND WE'VE STILL GOT A STING LEFT IN OUR TAIL! **NUMBER SIX TUBE... FIRE!**



THE GERMAN COX'N HAD HIS WHEEL HARD TO PORT, BUT THE GREAT SHIP HAD HARDLY BEGUN TO ANSWER TO HER HELM WHEN THERE WAS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION AMIDSHIPS.



THE SECOND TORPEDO HAD FOUND ITS MARK AND STRUCK A MORTAL BLOW!

BOB CALDWELL WAS THE LAST MAN TO ABANDON U-289. AND BARELY HAD HE JUMPED INTO THE NORTH SEA THAN THE DOOMED U-BOAT TILTED SHARPLY AND PREPARED TO DIVE FOR THE LAST TIME INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS.



DESPITE THE BREATH-ROBBING COLDNESS OF THE WATER, A RAGGED CHEER BURST FROM THE SWIMMING MEN AS THEY SAW THE GERMAN CRUISER SETTLE LOW INTO THE SEA, DENSE SMOKE CLOUDS POURING FROM HER.

THAT'S THE
PRINZ GERHARD MEN
WE CAME HERE TO
SINK HER... AND
BY GLORY, WE
HAVE!



THE DEERSTALKER, THOUGH BADLY DAMAGED WAS STILL SEAWORTHY, AND WITH PUZZLED EYES LIEUTENANT DOWD WATCHED THE SINKING CRUISER.

WHAT'S GOING ON SIR?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT PICK UP THE MEN FROM THE U-BOAT, BUT FOR THEM IT WOULD BE JS GOING DOWN TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER, NOT THE JERRY!

BUT THE BIGGEST SHOCK FOR LIEUTENANT DOWD THAT DAY WAS WHEN BOB CALDWELL CLAMBERED UP THE SCRAMBLING NET WHICH HAD BEEN LOWERED OVER THE FRIGATE'S SIDE.

CALDWELL!
WHAT IS THE NAME
OF TARNATION ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

IT'S A LONG STORY, I'LL TELL IT TO YOU AFTER THE GERMAN SURVIVORS HAVE BEEN PICKED UP AND I'VE HAD A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.



THE FRIGATE WAS WELL ON ITS WAY HOME WHEN BOB CALDWELL FINISHED RELATING ALL THE EVENTS THAT HAD LED UP TO THE DRAMATIC SEABATTLE. AND IN HIS ARMCHAIR IN THE TINY WARD-ROOM, LIEUTENANT DOWD SHOOK HIS HEAD HUMBLLY.

FOR SO LONG I'VE BEEN OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA OF REVENGING THE *MAGNOLIA*... AS IF I WERE ENGAGED ON A PRIVATE WAR OF MY OWN. AND TO-DAY I'VE SEEN HOW CO-OPERATION BETWEEN TWO SMALL VESSELS LIKE A SUBMARINE AND A FRIGATE CAN DESTROY A POWERFUL CRUISER.



I'VE HAD A GREAT TRUTH BROUGHT HOME TO ME THIS DAY. MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, IT IS CO-OPERATION THAT IS GOING TO WIN THIS WAR!



THERE WERE OTHER BATTLES TO BE WON AND LOST. SOME MEN WERE TO DIE, WHILST OTHERS WERE DESTINED FOR GLORY. BUT THE DAY OF THE FINAL VICTORY WAS TO COME AT LAST....



....A VICTORY THAT WOULD BELONG TO THE MEN OF MANY NATIONS WHO HAD FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE COMMON CAUSE OF FREEDOM!

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